

JOHN BULL

Every Thursday

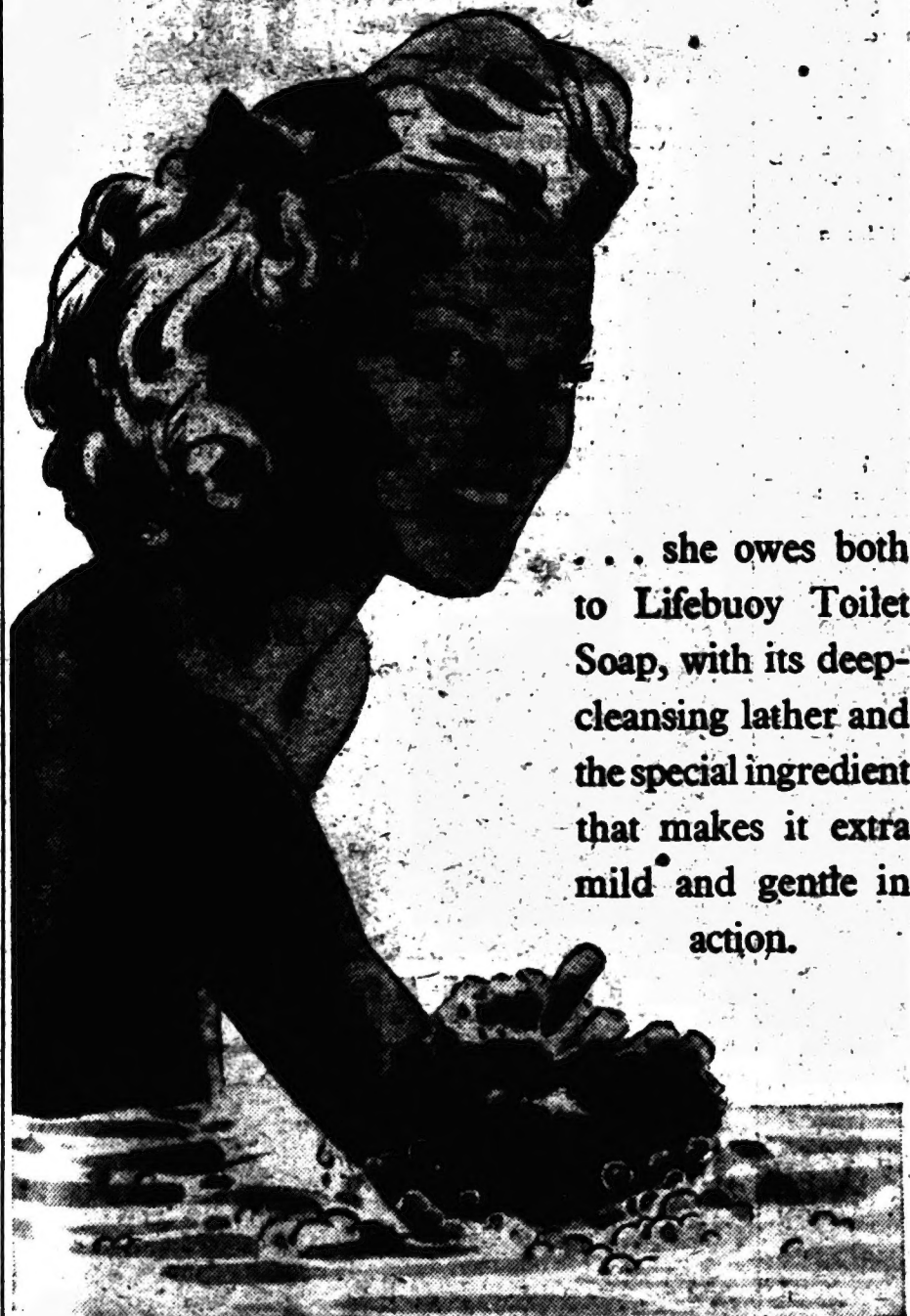
SPIES — THE FACTS

See Centre Pages

ARE WE GETTING BRAINIER?

by C. E. M. Joad

... her lovely complexion
... *her personal freshness*



... she owes both
to Lifebuoy Toilet
Soap, with its deep-
cleansing lather and
the special ingredient
that makes it extra
mild and gentle in
action.

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Cadbury quality—and no points

FOOD FACTS

Flavour to taste

The days grow shorter, the weather gets glum, war-work is as exacting as ever it was—what can we do to give our food a fillip? Flavour it! Try mixing flavours, try new condiments. Add paprika to your meat stew. Put a pinch of marjoram in the mince or rissoles, and cheer up the scrambled eggs with curry powder and fried onions. Serve a cinnamon sauce with a plain pudding, and see what an improvement a pinch of salt and some vanilla essence will make to chocolate or coffee cakes and puddings.

6 more flavourings you may care to try

1. Push half a clove of garlic into your piece of lamb before roasting it. Insert it near the bone.
2. Add a pinch of nutmeg or ground mace to the spinach or mashed potatoes just before serving.
3. Flavour that plain steamed pudding with lemon flavouring (essence or squash), and serve it with a chocolate sauce.
4. Add ground nutmeg to the braised beef or beef stew.
5. See how a dash of vinegar improves the flavour of the stew and makes the meat more tender.
6. Add some cinnamon to the stewed prunes and serve with an almond flavoured sauce.

LISTEN TO THE KITCHEN FRONT, TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY & FRIDAY, 8.15 a.m.

THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, W.1. FOOD FACTS No. 230

EXTRA TEA FOR THE OVER-SEVENTIES

How to obtain it

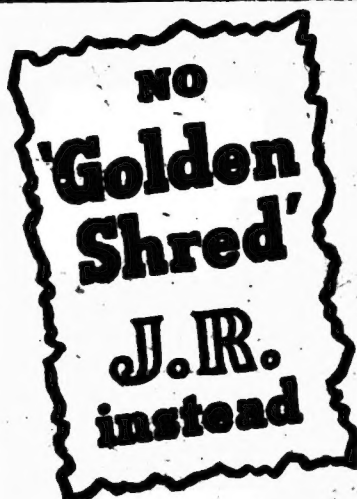
From 10th December an extra ration at the rate of 1 oz. of tea per week may be obtained by persons of seventy years of age and older.

A simple declaration of age will be required on a form which may now be obtained from the Food Office.

If you go to the Food Office take your Ration Book with you. If you write to the Food Office for the form, enclose your Ration Book when you send in the completed form.

A page of coupons will be provided and this must be presented to the retailer with your Ration Book every time you buy the tea.

Like the ordinary tea ration, all your extra tea for a four-weekly period must be bought at one time unless you are an old-age pensioner.



Why? Because war conditions restrict supplies of bitter oranges, which prevents the manufacture of "GOLDEN SHRED."



Fruit is controlled, but quality cannot be standardised. Robertson's pre-war reputation and skill, coupled with our 80 years old tradition, still count for a lot.

It's Robertson's -you can depend on it!



JAMES ROBERTSON & SONS (P.M.) Ltd.
Golden Shred Works
London Paisley Manchester Bristol

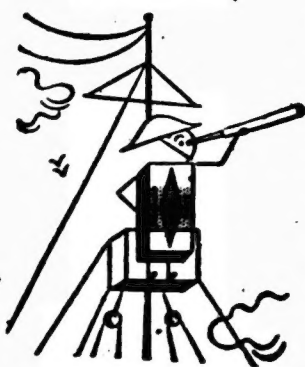


When Horlicks is scarce, don't forget that many have special need of it

In emergency rations issued to soldiers, sailors, and airmen, Horlicks is an essential item. It was specially chosen for this purpose because it is exceptionally nourishing and sustaining. The makers of Horlicks are proud that it has helped to save innumerable lives.

Large quantities of Horlicks are also required for hospitals, vital war factories, and the mines. This is why there are only limited quantities of Horlicks in the shops. So, when Horlicks is scarce, don't forget that many have special need of it. And make Horlicks by mixing it with water only. The milk is already in it.

HORLICKS



Sharp look-out! Gillette in war-time is as keen as ever on the job! The Blue Gillette has "gone to the war" for the time being. But the Standard Gillette Blade is taking it on the chin. Though the enemy fairly bristles—the Standard Gillette makes a clean sweep wherever it goes.

Gillette in battledress

Gillette "Standard" and "Standard Thin" Blades (plain steel) 2d each, including Purchase Tax. Fit all Gillette razors, old or new.

A bit scarce? Don't blame the dealer. Production still restricted.



FINE, THANKS!

I eat something crisp and crunchy every day.

When I can get it, I prefer

RYVITA

CRISP, NOURISHING DAILY BREAD



SOMETIMES HARD TO OBTAIN BUT ALWAYS WORTH WAITING FOR

'CAMP' COFFEE

NO TROUBLE NO WASTE



TO PUT THE FLAVOUR INTO THAT STEW USE . . .

FOSTER CLARK'S SOUPS

"HOW SWEET YOU ARE!"

...with your *Schoolgirl Complexion*



The girl who guards her "Schoolgirl Complexion" doesn't have to fish for compliments. Let Palmolive's velvety olive-oil lather give you a natural beauty treatment from head to toe—keep you "Schoolgirl Complexion" all over.

4d. Inc. Tax



PALMOLIVE



Without Fear or Favour FIRM HAND FOR HOUSING

NEVER IN OUR HISTORY has there been such an appalling shortage of homes.

There is no blinking the fact that many Britons are now virtually "camping out" on the island they helped to defend. Winter cold and wet are causing misery to people in damaged houses, and overcrowding beneath sound roofs gets worse.

Four million new houses are needed. It may take ten years to build all of them.

Mr. Churchill suggests that it may be possible to import prefabricated houses from the United States. Well, why not?

But no one should imagine that a few hundred, or even a few thousand of these dwellings will solve our tremendous problem.

Nor is the Portal house more than a small palliative. Large sections of the building trade say that it is impracticable. There may not be enough steel to permit production of "Portals" in large numbers.

THE GREAT PROBLEM remains hardly affected by the success or failure of untried experiments. The four million permanent homes have got to be built.

Duncan Sandys is the man on the job. Immediately he has dealt with flying-bomb damage he should be frank with the public about post-war housing.

And, meanwhile, he should be pressing on relentlessly with the mobilisation of all available material and man-power.

Homes must have absolute priority. The Government should put an absolute ban on luxury building.

BRITAIN can do it. The majestic story of our war effort proves that. But there must be good will and vigour among the leaders and realisation of the hard facts among the people.

Begin work on those four million real houses at the first possible moment. Talk less about temporary makeshifts.

Otherwise the soldiers returning from battlefield camps all over the world will have to go on camping out indefinitely in their own land.

The Editor

WILL RUSSIA FIGHT JAPAN?

Developments on the Soviet front. Bewildering situation in Italy. More women working on the canals. How our wounded men are treated. Housewife joins a Ministry committee

FOR WEEKS, and in some sectors for months, the huge Soviet front has been virtually static. The Russians have fought like that ever since Stalingrad—they advance, they pause, they assemble new forces, they advance again.

Now, with the snow well settled in Hungary and Poland, the Soviet armies are on the move once more.

Marshal Tolbukhin, who is leading the new drive across Hungary, has Bratislava and Vienna as his objectives.

Once he scored his major breakthrough last week there seemed little to stop him.

In Czechoslovakia and in Poland the front lags behind the points it has reached in Hungary. On the Czech front this is largely because of the difficult, mountainous country.

Around Warsaw a long deadlock has caused the loss of many Soviet lives. It now seems as if the Russians are anxious to "turn" Warsaw, not from the rivers south of it, but from Hungary, hundreds of miles away.

The Missing Marshal

MEANWHILE, WITH THE Soviet winter offensive starting, there is much curiosity about the whereabouts of Marshal Voroshilov.

That curiosity is nowhere more pronounced than it is in Tokio.

Recently Moscow announced that Voroshilov was no longer a member of the Soviet Defence Committee. The announcement caused little sensation, for it was felt that the Marshal was undoubtedly being transferred to special work.

Now an important Soviet military personality has turned up in the Far East. His name has not been disclosed. The Japanese believe it is Voroshilov.

With the end of the European war in sight, even though it may be delayed some months, this news, if true, is of vast significance.

Soviet Russia, with its great air and naval base at Vladivostok, holds one of the keys to the Pacific war.

Not long ago Marshal Stalin, for the first time, branded the Japanese as aggressors in an important speech. The statement was a landmark in modern history.

Soviet Brain No. 2

The peace between the Soviet and Japan has always been an uneasy one, and of late has been one of expedience from the Soviet point of view.

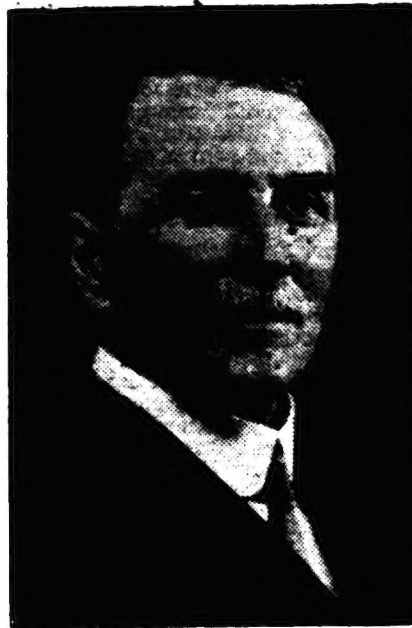
Japanese fishermen have poached Soviet waters for years; there have been shooting incidents in the North Pacific fogs. Japanese and Soviet troops have often clashed on the mainland frontiers—once to decided Japanese disadvantage, according to reports from Manchukuo at the time.

If Voroshilov really is "studying" the strategic situation in the Far East things look even worse for the Japs than they would otherwise.

For, next to Stalin, the sixty-three-year-old soldier has been the chief brain in the modern Soviet Army.

If Russia entered the war when her European problems are settled the American Super-Fortresses would be able to lay Tokio flat in a week. The Mikado has a lot to worry about.

The Soviet remains what it so often likes to be—enigmatic.



General Sir Osborne Mance introduced girl bargees

Germany's Lost Rib

ONE MAN WHO WILL be able to give the Mikado no false hope this time is that champagne peddler of dreams, Ribbentrop.

Ribbentrop, who once had the impudence to give the Nazi salute at Buckingham Palace, has "disappeared."

The facts are, of course, that there is no longer such a thing as German foreign policy, or German diplomacy. Not a single ambassador is left at his post.

Even Hoyne-Hueningen, who used to represent the Nazis at Lisbon, has been recalled, and Dieckhoff, their Madrid man, has been in Berlin for three months.

Hempel, Dublin's Nazi Minister, is still there, but he is short of funds and cut off from his country.

Ribbentrop used to call himself Hitler's ambassador-at-large. I suggest he will not be at large much longer.

Mr. Churchill's Veto

ITALIAN DIPLOMACY, too, is having a rough time. The British Government has vetoed Count Carlo Sforza as Italian Foreign Minister.

This decision is bewildering, and at least an explanation should have been given.

Sforza is uncompromising and difficult to handle. He refused to live in Italy under Mussolini. He insisted on the Victor Emmanuel abdication—and quite rightly. But Italian anti-

J.B. insurance

"A GREAT HELP AT THIS DIFFICULT TIME," writes Mrs. M. Coles, of East Sheen, in acknowledging cheque paid under "John Bull's" Free Insurance.

JOHN BULL offers free to every reader COMPREHENSIVE HOUSEHOLD BENEFITS, in addition to FREE AIR RAID INSURANCE, underwritten at Lloyd's.

Fascists respect him—they like his toughness.

Now we have turned him down. Yet Badoglio, who has a shameful record, enjoys our support. Why?

Unlucky Ellen

THERE IS ONE MEMBER of the executive whose absence will be much regretted at the Labour Party Conference in London next week.

There is no possibility that Ellen Wilkinson will be able to take the chair. She has been very ill, and although she is getting along well, her doctors will not allow her to undertake any public engagements yet.

Professor Harold Laski will act as chairman in her stead. The Party chairman, George Ridley, died at the beginning of the year.

Like most women in executive positions, Miss Wilkinson is a glutton for work. She has been overdoing it.

His Own Address

Professor Laski will deliver his own chairman's address.

At the request of the National Executive of the Party he visited Miss Wilkinson in hospital recently and offered to read her address on her behalf.

This she declined, insisting that the chairman's duties should be discharged entirely by the Professor.

So they came to a very friendly agreement. Normally Professor Laski should take the chair at the Whitsun conference next year. Instead, he will, with the approval of the Executive, hand over his duties to Miss Wilkinson.

He Knows It All

GOING TO THE MIDLANDS recently I found myself looking enviously out of the train at the canal folk, gliding along on their brightly painted barges.

Seen from the discomforts of war-time expresses, the canals look enchanting, their waters milky and swollen from the recent rains.

In fact, they are anything but.

Back in London I discussed canals with the man who knows more about canals than anyone else in the country. Brigadier-General Sir Osborne Mance.

Girls Afloat

Since early in the war Sir Osborne has been O.C. Canals at the Ministry of War Transport. It was he who introduced girl bargees.

There are now something like twenty all-women crews taking their pair of boats up and down the Grand Union.

Now, so great is the pressure on our transport, the authorities are hoping to train twenty more crews of women bargees this winter.

Sir Osborne's Interest

Meanwhile, Sir Osborne, who started it all, is retiring from the Ministry. He will write another official book on world communications.

For forty years the General has been an expert on transport. He was in charge of railways in South Africa during the Boer War.

Hospital of Huts

EARLIER, NEAR BIRMINGHAM, I visited one of the largest emergency hospitals in the country, run by the

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

Ministry of Health. I wanted to see what was being done for the wounded from the Western front.

The picture I saw was first-class, and reflects the highest credit on the Ministry. Simpletons who sneer at all State organisation on principle should be taken over one of these hospitals to see for themselves.

The unit I visited has about 750 beds. It consists of a series of huts, on what had been wheatfields four years ago.

Sorting the Wounded

Wounded are flown over from Holland and sent on to hospitals like these by ambulance train.

As soon as the casualties arrive on stretchers they are seen by a reception doctor. They then go to the appropriate wards for their particular injuries and their treatment is decided on.

Their surgeons, doctors and nurses are all civilians. There is a separate military unit which looks after Service administration.

This huge hospital has four main sections; general wards which deal with such things as fractures; a neuro-surgical and spinal section, which deals with brain surgery and spinal injuries; a facial maxillary de-

partment, which deals with what we laymen call plastic surgery. A fourth section deals with skin diseases.

Men in Plaster

As soon as a man is well enough he starts rehabilitation exercises, even while he is still in bed. These give him something to do, and are designed to get his limbs working again.

The doctor in charge of rehabilitation was house doctor at a West End hotel before the war.

I toured wards where men whose legs were in plaster were moving their limbs to the gentle commands of a young woman therapist who stood on a table in the centre of the room and showed them what to do.

It Makes Him Move

This remedial therapy gets men better more quickly. Men, who cannot move like this are given what is called diversional therapy—that is, some bed work which will keep them amused and help their cure.

Then, sometimes before he is able to walk, a patient may go on to one of the special workshops, where he will operate machines so designed that they exercise the very limb or muscle which he must get used to all over again.

I saw men in casts, working at carpet looms—and loving it. Some of them were wheeled there in invalid chairs from the wards.

I saw soldiers making wooden toys for their children, to send them at

Christmas. One man had just completed a doll's house, which would have cost him pounds "outside."

The final stage in the rehabilitation course is special Physical Training, led by Army sergeant instructors who are trained for the work.

Why They Grin

From light P.T. the wounded go on to full P.T. Then they pass out, back to soldiering or to pre-vocational training under the Ministry of Labour if their injury precludes them from fighting again.

I saw men from Arnhem, from Italy, from the Normandy beaches, and even from Tunisia, men who had been in plaster for weeks and some for months.

Visitors are few owing to transport difficulties, but people with men in these emergency hospitals need not worry. The patients are very, very well looked after.

I saw men who had been horribly wounded. But they were not suffering, and they had a grin for everything.

Mrs. Wilson's Hates

MEN LIKE THOSE are worth working for. I was reminded of them when I read that Councillor Mrs. Beatrice Wilson, of Hackney, had been appointed to represent the normal housewife on a housing committee at the Health Ministry.

I have the highest opinion of the Ministry of Health, and hope they will let her help to scheme houses fit for heroes to live in.

Mrs. Wilson is a middle-aged woman with ideas. She believes that everyone would be happier with a garden, and she hates huge blocks of working-class flats. She is right.

She thinks "Portals" are useless, except as a makeshift.

For thirty years she has looked after a four-room house near London Fields. She should know what she is talking about. Her appearance in a Ministry, I hope, is a sign of the times.

Pros at the Carlton

ANOTHER SIGN of the times, unfortunately, is the bland planning of a "super" social golf club in the West End. Negotiations are going on to buy the Carlton Hotel as a club-house.

One scribe has said happily that the club will have no "social bar." What does this mean? Will professionals be welcome, and will they sit down to bread and cheese in what used to be the Carlton Grill? I doubt it.

What is surprising is that such schemes should occupy the time and money of busy people at times like these.

Street Scene

THE HURDY-GURDY industry, as I wrote last week, is booming. A few nights ago, approaching the Ministry of Information in the winter gloom, I heard two rival barrel organs churning away at full blast—only twenty yards apart on the same kerb.

Their rival jazz made the night hideous. A friend suggested that they were trying to force Brendan Bracken out to face the music.

Dr. Joad in Love With Life

CYRIL EDWIN MITCHINSON JOAD is a Purist. He is a man with a respect for words, and he uses them fastidiously.

Once, I remember, Joad stopped in the middle of a golf game to argue over my use of an Americanism. He became so absorbed in his argument that he missed two short putts.

To-day Dr. Joad reappears in JOHN BULL.

He has often been associated with the paper, and, at weekly meetings of JOHN BULL's Adjudication Committee, provided a feast of wit and wisdom between mouthfuls of his beloved chocolate cake.

Joad is like that; a man who is enormously in love with life.

WITH MY FEET UP
by IAN FOX

WHEN I CALLED on Irma del Monico, the well-known international spy, she was rummaging round looking for the invisible ink.

"Ach, caro mio," she greeted me. "It is très difficile, this ink. With it I do not know what I am writing."

"How's things in the spy business?" I asked.

"Molto fortissimo," she replied, stuffing the plan of an airfield behind a cushion. "I am pleased you are publishing those spy articles in JOHN BULL. We poor spies do not get any publicity, n'est-ce pas? Perhaps you will tell how I was captured by the Gestapo, and Herr Himmler turned me upside down and shook me until the secret papers dropped out, hein?"

"Perhaps," I said.

"But quick, mein freund, you must immediately scram. I am expecting two officers from M.I.5 for cocktails and drugged cigarettes. Come, effendim, and I will show you the secret exit."



BRAINS BUST.—1. Above is a famous Nazi leader without his uniform. One guess and no prizes.

2. Are any of the following words correct? General Franco is (a) gallant, (b) Christian, (c) a gentleman.

3. Post-war houses for all will become a fact in (a) 1965, (b) 1985, (c) 2005.

4. That bang was (a) V.I., (b) V.2, (c) car back-firing.

(Answers on page 25.)

Merry Christmas

"BEAUTIFULLY PRINTED greeting cards (war time subjects, such as tanks, aeroplanes, blitz, etc.)."—Advertisement in a daily paper.

"Peace on earth and a happy Christmas to all my customers," as the Ministry of Works bloke said when he despatched a beautifully printed tarpaulin to a blitzed area.

Conversation Piece

"HANG IT, these farm workers are at it again, asking for a 5s. rise. Just because they are scarce, they think they're worth more."

"But..."

"Look at that farm I bought when I saw how the price of land was rising. I went down there last month, so I know what I'm talking about. There's a bit of milking and a bit of ploughing, otherwise I'm practically paying the men for standing about watching things grow."

"But..."

"Besides, as I said to old Fothergill afterwards, these farm workers grow their own vegetables, and they haven't got clothes and cars and houses to keep up like we have, so why do they want more money?"

Argument

EQUAL PAY FOR
EQUAL WORK

Some of the biggest trade unions have already accepted this principle. Should it be put into general operation in the post-war period?

for

against

1. This war has proved beyond doubt that women can do men's work.

2. If two people do the same job and one gets more pay than the other, no matter what excuse is given—sex in Britain, colour in the United States, race in Nazi Germany—the result is a primary injustice, an obvious wrong which must be a focus of unrest.

3. If women are paid less than men they undercut them. Cheese-paring local authorities, for instance, will employ a woman teacher, even when a man is needed, simply because she is cheaper.

4. If any section of a community works at a lower rate than "the rate for the job," this is a threat to the rest. Wages tend to level down, not up.

5. Trade unions are gradually accepting the "equal pay for equal work" principle, for how can men and women unite in union activity when they are divided by wage-rate differences?

6. Unmarried, and even married, women often have considerable family responsibilities. If responsibilities are to measure wages, why aren't bachelors paid less than married men?

7. Only when inequalities, sanctified by out-of-date tradition, are removed will sincere relationships between men and women be possible.

1. Would employers continue to pay men at the higher rate if men weren't worth it?

2. If women are indeed men's equals in industry, why are there countless regulations as to what they may or may not do? And why, in the Services, when women replace men, do establishment regulations nearly always allow more women for the job?

3. Women, because of their absenteeism, illness-rate, and the fact that they leave suddenly to marry, are not such a good risk as men to an employer who wants a dependable labour force.

4. Men's family responsibilities are far greater than those of women.

5. In times of emergency—fire, accident, war—men are called on to take the greater risks. "Women and children first" is the traditional cry. In any job this situation may suddenly arise.

6. Wage rates are fixed on the basis of average cases. It is true that some women, both married and unmarried, shoulder family responsibilities, but the average woman certainly does not.

7. Women as a whole do not clamour for "equal pay," because they know instinctively that in gaining it they might lose something they value far more—the protective rôle of the male as husband and breadwinner.



ARE WE GETTING BRAINIER?—I WONDER

by C. E. M. Joad

AM OFTEN TOLD that this war has produced something of a cultural and intellectual revival. "We are," men say, "learning to think and to discuss. Look at the success of the Brains Trust. Consider the lectures and the discussions which take place among men in service camps. In the last war there was no activity of a comparable sort."

Or consider the cultural activity which the war has brought into being. E.N.S.A. introduces the best musical companies to Garrison Theatres. It runs opera and ballet for the benefit of men and women in the Forces, and its efforts have been enthusiastically received.

The Council for Encouragement of Music and the Arts, C.E.M.A. for short, in addition to its outstanding musical work, finances touring companies, exhibitions of pictures, and repertory companies which are the first time performing unusual plays to people who have never before seen live drama.

Or consider the demand for books and the run on libraries. Is there not evidence here that the war has led to an awakening of the mind and a quickening of the spirit among English people?

I know it looks like that. At least, one side of it. But there is another, and I propose to look at that.

No Time for Music

First, take music. A friend in the Forces was describing the reception given to the wireless in a large M.C.A. hut. The wireless was "on" all the time.

Nobody listened, but the men, he said, liked a background of light music. It made them feel cheerful, filling the desert spaces of their empty minds.

Nobody listened much even to the news, even the Prime Minister, but these things were tolerated. However, by some inadvertence, music proper made itself heard over the air, there arose a howl of universal derision. "Turn that bloody thing off."

Another friend, a professional musician, at a London fire station, tells me that among a personnel of fifty-five, there is one cultivated amateur, one who has an intelligent but uninstructed interest, and three degenerate cases. The rest are musically deaf or antagonistic.

"Can they," he writes, "be got at at all?" "I think that if they had no chance of listening to anything else, some of them might be won over. But their mental habits are such and the bad stuff so easily accessible that, under present conditions, it is a hopeless task."

At a large Air Force camp which I have just visited was told that a celebrated pianist of national reputation had just played to an audience of forty-two in a hall that held 600.

The same hall had been packed the week before for variety show. It had just been packed for our Brains Trust.

And the Army Bureau of Current Affairs, the very discussion classes? It must be remembered that most of them are compulsory parades, that is to say lectures by the officers are perfunctory and the attendance by the men reluctant.

I was talking recently to a Workers' Educational Association tutor who had been giving a course of lectures on current affairs at Army camps. His lectures had been scheduled as "Compulsory Parades."

He told me that at one camp at which similar lectures had been given for months past he began his course by asking the men what subjects had already been covered. Not one could tell him.

My lecturer friend had prepared a talk on the treatment of Germany. He quickly sensed that his audience was not interested, and so he asked what subject they would like him to discuss. After a long pause, somebody shouted, "How to get demobbed!" This was greeted with enormous applause.

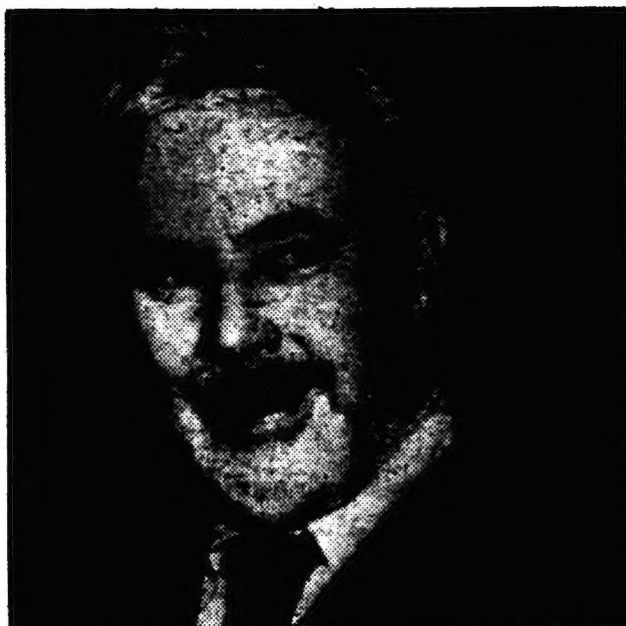
Books Sell, but Why?

Take reading. On a train from Edinburgh to London, packed with soldiers, I walked through the corridors seeing how many men, including both officers and other ranks, I could count before I came to the first book reader. The first turned out to be No. 104. He was reading "No Orchids for Miss Blandish."

Yet books are snapped up so eagerly that the deep humiliation that an author can suffer is to see his books in a shop window. The demand at the libraries has never been so keen, the queues for well-known classics being almost as long as the queues at cheap restaurants. Quite so!

But, then, what else is there to spend your money on but books—and it is worth bearing in mind that most people never had so much money. And what else is there for us to do, confined as we have been at home

● Almost unknown till he was 50. Dr. Joad served 16 years in the Board of Trade. Now, famous at 53, he is too busy even to make his will. Star of Brains Trust films, he has refused a large sum of money to "top the bill" at music halls, but hopes to take the floor soon in the House of Commons



Joad popularised the pungent phrase, "It depends what you mean by..."

in the evening or at the fire guard post, or in the shelter, but to read them?

The Universities, no doubt, are full, some of them fuller than they have ever been. My own college, for example, is alive with students studying this, that, and the other.

Why are they studying? Because they are seized with a wish to understand this puzzling universe in which we live? Because they want to understand, for example, why is it that though ninety-nine human beings out of every hundred everywhere want peace and security, they nevertheless get war and violence. Because, in a word, their minds are awakened?

Not a bit of it. They are studying because they want degrees. And why do they want degrees? To get new positions or to improve their existing positions.

No Liking for Thought

The attitude to education to which I have referred is strictly utilitarian. For most people it always has been. Indeed, it is possible to make out a case for the view that the attitude of the average Englishman to the things of the mind always has been one of indifference tinged with suspicion.

"When an Englishman thinks," as somebody once said, "he thinks he is sick."

Though the Brains Trust may have dragged thousands to the banks of the dark river of thought, they have stood for the most part shivering on the brink, unwilling to accept the plunge.

How often when attending Brains Trusts up and down the country have I heard the Question Master reject in advance a question on science or philosophy or literature, on the ground that it will be above the heads of the audience, who must at all costs be entertained?

"But, surely," I have protested, "you cannot take it for granted that they have no intellectual curiosity; that they never want to use their minds; that the joys of mental adventure are entirely alien to them?"

Only to evoke the reply: "You ought to know well enough by now that they won't tolerate anything 'highbrow'—'highbrow' meaning, apparently, anything which is not related to bread and butter, or is not technical in the sense that it describes how some piece of mechanism works."

So, to avoid the "highbrow," back we rush helter-skelter to the old facetious questions: "Why is it that bread and jam always falls the jammy side downwards?" or "Why does a cow get up front legs"—or is it hind legs—"first, while a horse gets up hind"—or is it front—"legs first?" or "Why do men like fat girls best?"

In the discussing and answering of such questions

we and the audience have full scope for the exercise of that fatal sense of humour behind which we British so conveniently and habitually shelter to save us from the trouble of thought.

All this seems to tell its own story, a story which throws doubt upon the view that the war has generated a cultural and intellectual revival!

Yet it is not the whole story. The picture is, in fact, more complex than I have suggested.

There are, I believe, two different tendencies at work. First, in spite of all the appearances to the contrary, there is among people everywhere a perceptible stirring of intellectual activity, very marked in this war as compared with the last.

Take politics. Everywhere there is a conviction that we cannot go back to the world of 1939, the world of booms and slumps oppressed by its 2,000,000 unemployed and overshadowed by the nightmare fear of war.

Many are Puzzled

We want a new deal; many would say, a new order of society. In a word, and it is by now a familiar word, there is a marked and rapid shifting to the Left.

Take religion. It is, perhaps, inevitable that when a man's spirit is troubled and his mind disquieted, he should take an interest in questions touching the nature of the universe and the status of man's life within it.

How, he wants to know, is the mass suffering and wickedness of the world compatible with its government by an Almighty and Benevolent Being? Did God will the war? Did He create Hitler?

There is in many in Britain to-day, and especially in young people newly come to maturity, a renewed interest in the religious view of the world and a disposition to examine afresh the traditional answers to fundamental questions which Christianity has provided.

Suppose, for example, that the war is the result neither of inept politicians nor of an out-of-date capitalist system, but of the wickedness in the heart of man? Suppose that it is a punishment for that wickedness?

But how, if this is so, explain the many examples that I have cited in this article of apparent apathy and indifference? Why, in fact, the appearance to the contrary?

It is because—and here we come to the second tendency—the rising waters of the mind and the spirit show little inclination to flow into the orthodox channels which have been dug to receive them.

There is, indeed, a profound disillusionment in regard to these orthodox channels. Consider again the case of politics. Although there is a marked movement to the Left, there is little evidence of enthusiasm for the Labour Party. There is, indeed, a profound scepticism in regard to all the political Parties.

"Politics," men say, "is a game. Politicians are in it for what they can get out of it. We hope for a different world after the war, but we don't expect it. The politicians will let us down, as they did last time. While the war is on they inevitably promise us a different and a better world; but when the war is done, we shall find that we are back in very much the same world as before."

The treatment and emasculation of the Beveridge Report by Parliament is regarded as justifying and confirming this scepticism.

Religion and the Churches

A similar situation exists in regard to religion. While there is a new and a growing interest it shows little disposition to find satisfaction in the orthodox Churches. There has been no revival in church-going since the war. I doubt if there has been any increase in belief.

On the contrary, although there is a friendly attitude to religion as such, there is an indifference, deepening on occasion to hostility, to the Churches, who are suspect as being upholders of the status quo in politics and economics.

My general impression is that the mood of the present generation is one of wistful agnosticism. They would like something in which to believe, but can find nothing acceptable in the traditional creeds.

Meanwhile embarrassed by a fund of unexpended seriousness, they want to study, to learn, to read, but they don't know where to turn to satisfy their need.

Hence, the popularity of the Brains Trust—yet the Brains Trust is less of a meal than of an hors d'œuvre. Hence, too, the hundreds of letters which I and people like myself receive from those who want to know what to read, how to study, and what courses to prepare for.

They also write to tell us what they think, to expound their theories, send their booklets, and draw our attention to their programmes, views and policies. And how angry they are when we don't reply!

Lost People Found

Where do "lost" people go? The Salvation Army found 900 last year

by MARK PRIESTLEY

A YOUNG CANADIAN SOLDIER, parted in babyhood from his mother, came to England hoping to find her. He knew nothing but her name. Eventually he went to the Salvation Army.

They looked up the soldier's birth registration record at Somerset House and found a twenty-one-year old address. Through voters' lists, city directories and a dozen sources of reference, they traced the mother's address year by year.

The trail ended at last, on the site of a blitz-flattened ruin. But the mother's name did not appear on local casualty lists, so the hunt went on.

At last they found the mother—plus a sister the Canadian did not know he had.

That is only one of the amazing stories I was recently told in a busy office in London's famous "Petticoat Lane." Here a quiet-voiced, fatherly Lieutenant-Colonel runs one of the Salvation Army's least-known organisations—the Bureau of Missing Persons.

Last year the London office alone handled 1,200 cases—and stamped "Found" on the index cards of over 900.

For over fifty years, in forty countries, in 105 languages, the hunt has been never-ending.

Missing Heiress

I was shown years-old cards that are still on the register. "We kept them before us," I was told. "We may get a clue."

In one instance, the child of a divorced couple, given into the custody of his mother, grew up and wanted to trace his father. An exhaustive search failed. Fifteen years passed, when an elderly man walked into a Salvation Army outpost in Australia.

"Can you help me find my son?" he said. It was the missing father.

A London firm of solicitors held a legacy for a vanished woman last heard of in India. Their inquiry, published in the Indian Salvation Army papers, brought news that the woman had returned to London.

Clues gained from the shipping offices led to a provincial town in England and then to Canada. Toronto took up the search, and eventually traced the woman. She was living in a lodging-house in a slum district, and was already in debt to her landlady.

The war has trebled the task for the ten alert workers of the Missing Persons Bureau in London. From sad and hopeless pleas for those missing, believed killed, to fantastic hunts for whole families of vanished evacuees, people of all classes call every week.

They Search Prisons

The Bureau circulates its weekly lists through a world-wide organisation with no fewer than 17,000 outposts. It has contacts in hostels, workshops, and even in prisons. Consequently it often succeeds where all other channels have failed.

What do you make of this one? A wife regarded her husband as a blitz victim when he did not return home one night after a heavy raid. She contacted the Army only when she wanted to marry again and proof of his death was required.

The Bureau found the husband, alive and well, but living with another woman.

The Missing Persons Bureau took a sympathetic common-sense attitude. They brought husband and wife together again to discuss a divorce.



Sir R. A. Watson-Watt

OPEN LETTERS

Sir R. A. Watson-Watt,

Scientific Adviser, Air Ministry

DEAR SIR ROBERT.—Britain has told the world, in terms of production and privation, of her stupendous war effort. That is only one side of the story. The other side, the secret side, dealing with the work of brilliant scientists like yourself, has yet to be fully told.

Britain's scientists quickly killed the menace of the magnetic mine. They gave us the 12,000-lb. bomb. They solved the technical problems of the Normandy landings.

Now news is released that they—and this means you and your team of experts—have given Allied airmen the "X-ray" bomb-sight, with which pilots and navigators can "see" through fog and cloud.

In the past we, as a nation, have been far too modest to claim the credit which is our due.

For years the idea persisted abroad, especially in America, that Britain's contribution to the common pool was far less than it actually was. Already certain American publicists write and speak as though the new bomb-sight were the outcome of joint research by scientists of the United States and Britain.

The fact is that we lead the world in radiolocation and its developments. No belligerent nation owes as much as we do to the untiring work of "back-room boys." The scientists of Britain—many of whom will never receive public

Human Machine

NOT SO SIMPLE

THERE ARE TWO PROFOUND TRUTHS about ourselves that none of us should ever lose sight of for a moment. The first is that what we are at any time depends on what we have been and have done in the past.

And the second truth is that there is no single one of us who can blot out the past and begin again just by an act of will. We can blot out the past. We can begin again. But the way to the new beginning is *via* hard work, intense effort, and a long period of determination and discipline. Life doesn't forgive us our mistakes as easily as we would like to believe.

Don't ever say "It doesn't matter!" It does matter. It may not matter a great deal—but it matters. It may not be of great consequence—but it is of some consequence. Never forget that.

There is only one safe rule of life—do your full duty by the common day's work, whether in thought or in action.

It was he who was faithful in very little who was given authority over ten cities.

JOHN BULL December 9, 1941

praise—have helped more than any other body of men put the Allies on the road to victory.

This tribute may embarrass you and your colleagues. But it is a tribute long overdue, and is only a trivial part of what you should, and must, receive when the official story of your work is published.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. and Mrs. Colin Gower,
Dagenham, Essex

DEAR COUPLE.—On Christmas Day you celebrate your Silver Wedding. You will look back on twenty-five years of struggle, sacrifice, and happiness. Struggle, because you have brought up a family of sixteen children on an income which at its peak has been £3 15s. a week. Sacrifice, because parents like you put their kiddies first. Happiness, because you have pulled together and stuck together through long burdensome years.

That, I think, is the secret of your success as parents. And that is a secret which I commend to all those who in children only a drag on their incomes and a brake on their pleasures. A happy anniversary to you.—JOHN BULL.

The Earl of Sefton,
Lord Mayor of Liverpool

MY LORD.—That ancestor of yours who sold to Liverpool in 1777 land in the centre of the city for £2,500 probably thought himself a shrewd man. I wonder what his thoughts would be if he could know that to-day that same land is worth £12,000,000.

Here in a nutshell is the whole fantastic story of the rise in land values. For the land, in itself, is worth no more whether it is open country or city centre.

Indeed, fundamentally, an acre of land producing food is of more value to the nation than an acre of impossible buildings wherein men buy and sell and create profits on paper.

Speculation in land is rife to-day. The problem of values is of immediate concern. It could not be otherwise when one considers the almost legendary story of your family's deal.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. Herbert Morrison, M.P.
Home Secretary

DEAR MR. MORRISON.—Why all this "hush-hush" about the London County Council Remand Homes inquiry? For columns of comment and controversy in our newspapers then the concession of an investigation. Now comes a decision to exclude the Press from the inquiry.

One way to create undesirable publicity is to try to muzzle the Press. Inevitably the question is asked: "What are they trying to hide?"

The newspapers have put up with a lot in the past years. They have been "guided"—sometimes ill-advisedly. They have been restricted in their activities. Over the years always has been the shadow of the Censor, and the threat of suspension should they overstep the mark.

These restrictions have been willingly accepted as part of the fight for freedom. This inquiry concerns neither the war effort nor public security. It concerns the treatment of the authorities of young people, and is a matter of interest to us all.

However, the inquiry is not likely to be prolonged. Report will, I am sure, be fair. I hope it will also fully reveal the evidence submitted and thus allay public anxiety.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. W. G. Cave,

Secretary, Wholesale Textile Association

DEAR SIR.—Clothing manufacturers, by selling direct to retailers and cutting out wholesale distribution, are, I say, threatening the existence of thousands of small shopkeepers.

The reason? Because the manufacturers have no sales organisations of their own and restrict their sales to large and multiple stores.

But—to paraphrase a well-known slogan—is the wholesale trade really necessary? It may toll, but does it spin? It produces nothing, yet it takes its cut of the profits—in some cases, a big profit, too.

The consumer pays all along the line. He buys an article and pays four lots of profits—the manufacturer, the wholesaler, the retailer, and the State.

I do not doubt the wholesaler's importance in our system of distribution. But he must make himself more efficient and thus reduce the cost of marketing.—JOHN BULL.

STALIN THE SILENT

OF THE TRIUMVIRATE who will meet shortly to plan the new world structure, Josef Stalin is the most powerful and the most obscure.

He is the most powerful, not because Russia's resources are greatest. In realised power the United States is first and the British Commonwealth next.

The order may change when Russia's enormous potentialities are developed, but that rests with the future.

Stalin is the most powerful member of the Triumvirate because the power he wields is personal power.

He embodies the might and the will of Russia in a sense in which Roosevelt and Churchill do not embody the might and will of the United States and Britain. He rules alone. They rule only as the temporary instrument of their Parliaments.

Nominally he is only the General Secretary of the Soviet Union. In fact, now that Hitler has fallen, he is the most towering single figure on earth, subject to no restraints, liable to no overthrow.

When We Took the Blow

From this fact comes, in part, the obscurity that envelops him. He is naturally silent and secretive, and his unchallenged sovereignty enables him to give full play to his disposition.

He strikes out of the blue. His method is a word and a blow—and the blow first.

Hitler filled the world with his fulminations. He frightened it with his threats, over-awed it with his bombast, very nearly conquered it with his mouth.

Stalin says nothing. He walks softly, and though he carries a big stick he does not flourish it or shout about it. Hence the shock he gave to Hitler in '41.

Hitler could not conceive power without boasting, and he set out for Moscow with a light heart. It would all be over in six weeks.

Then, having put Napoleon in his place as a fumbler, he could turn to the serious task of putting the British Empire out of business before America could make up its mind to come to our relief.

We know what happened. Hitler found that Russia was the only Great Power which had realised his plot and had long silently prepared to thwart it.

This was not the first example of the Stalin technique. Who does not remember that shock of August 23, 1939? It was we who took the blow then.

All Europe was plunging to the abyss and the question in every mind was: 'Who would side with whom? What would Mussolini do? What would Turkey do? What would America do? Above all, where would Russia stand?'

And that morning the world stood aghast before the picture of Stalin and Ribbentrop signing the Pact of Non-Aggression between Hitler's Germany and Stalin's Russia. Who will ever forget that photograph and the self-conscious smirk on the faces of the principals?

Hitler Was Foxed

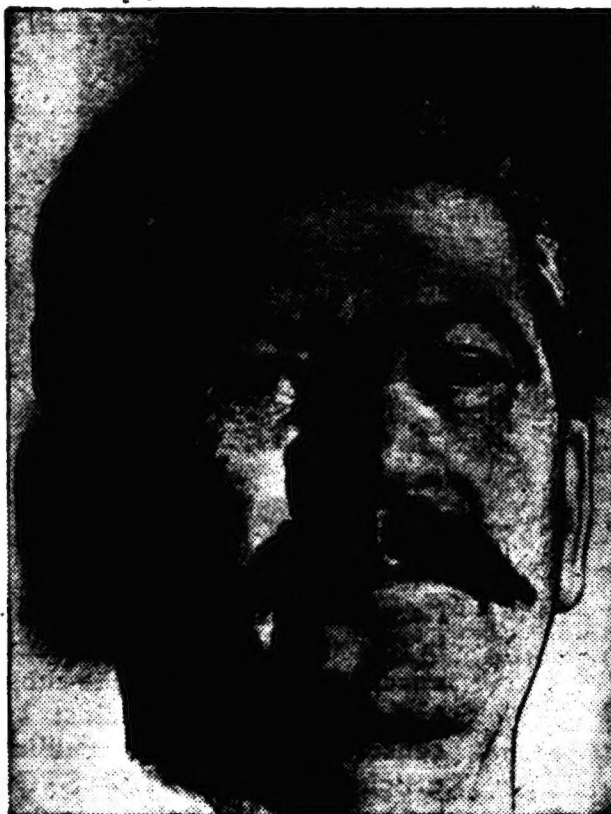
The Pact was a sham on both sides—made to be broken. Hitler entered into it to save war on two fronts. His scheme was to win the war in the West first and gobble up Russia afterwards.

Stalin's aim was to let Hitler bleed himself white in the West and use the interval to strengthen Russia to meet the storm when it blew his way.

Whether Stalin would ever have struck had he not been attacked we do not know. He saw Hitler over-run south-eastern Europe to the Balkans, the Black Sea and the Dardanelles without a show of resistance.

But he knew he would not escape, and the feeble war he waged against Finland was dust thrown in the eyes of Hitler. It convinced him that he had nothing to fear and that Moscow would be "a walk-over." In the slang phrase, Stalin led Hitler up the garden path.

It was a characteristic stroke of the subtlest



Marshal Stalin was meant for the Church—this portrait of him was drawn by Morris Kallem.

PORTRAITS—No. 3 by A. G. GARDINER

★ Stalin will be sixty-five this month. Ruler of 190 million people, he is, says A.G.G., the world's greatest dictator and Mystery-Man to-day.

mind in European politics. Friend and foe alike accept that description as true of the son of the Tiflis cobbler who has made himself dictator of the greatest empire in the world—an empire stretching from the Vistula to the Sea of Japan, and covering a sixth of the earth's surface.

It was the ambition of his mother that he should enter the priesthood, and when as a boy of twelve he won a scholarship at a religious seminary near Tiflis the fulfilment of the ambition seemed assured.

Six Siberian Exiles

But the boy got caught in the revolutionary movement and became the active power behind the unrest in the Baku-Batoum oilfield region. Here he learned all the arts and crafts of underground warfare, secret propaganda, sabotage and "expropriation"—i.e., the pillaging of banks for the provision of funds for the movement.

It was all very distressing to his devout old mother, and there is a pleasant story which suggests that she went to her grave unconciliated to his fame.

A friend of Stalin who interviewed her shortly after her first and only visit to her son at the Kremlin remarked to her that she must be proud to have a son sitting in the seat of Peter the Great. To which the old lady replied a little sadly, "Yes, but if he had not been naughty at school he might by now be a bishop."

Six times he was sent to Siberia and ten years of his life were spent in the hands of the police; but when Lenin seized power from Kerensky in the October revolution of 1917 he was at the centre of things and the organiser of victory to his chief.

He clung to that great man with dog-like devotion, and in the civil war against Denikin,

**NEXT WEEK: MR. GARDINER
WILL WRITE ON ERNEST BEVIN.**

Kolchak, Wrangel and the rest, he laid the foundation of that military knowledge which has played so conspicuous a part in the defeat of Germany.

But it was with the death of Lenin that his subtle genius for manoeuvring events found free scope. A whole literature has sprung up around the dark and ruthless struggle for the succession to power.

It centred chiefly in the conflict of Stalin with Trotsky. Stalin had none of the oratorical and picturesque gifts of Trotsky, but on the other hand Trotsky was no match for the political cunning of his rival.

He was stripped of his offices and, fleeing from the country, found the hounds on his trail wherever he rested, in Norway, in the Greek islands, in Spain, until a stroke from an axe finally snuffed out his vehement crusade in Mexico.

And in the purges which followed the assassination of Kirov at Leningrad in December, 1934, there was a wholesale "liquidation" of all who were concerned in what was called "the anti-Soviet Trotskyite Centre."

At the end of the purges, not one of the members of the old Politbureau was left alive, save Stalin.

Grim, But Impersonal

One phase of this grim story indicates that the motive was not merely a personal feud. It throws a sinister light on what might have been the situation in Europe to-day had the struggle for power gone otherwise.

None of the purges caused such astonishment as that of Tuchachevsky and the military chiefs. But there is no doubt to-day that the reason of that purge was the discovery that the victims were as "thick as thieves" with the German military staff.

Indeed, Stalin's claim throughout would be that what he did was done to save the revolution and prevent a collapse into Fascism.

That motive, I think, is the master-key to his career. He would not deny that he has been cruel, but he would say that without the ruthless suppression of its enemies the Russian revolution would have followed the course of the French Revolution.

It would have given birth to a Napoleon and culminated in Imperialism.

He would apply the same logic to the tragic story of the Kulaks. He is a child of the machine age and, even more than Lenin, was seized with the idea of making Russia an industrial and mechanical rather than a purely agricultural country.

But the pursuit of this idea brought him into conflict with the conservatism of the peasantry. To combat this conservatism he instituted collectivisation.

No one questions the immensity of the suffering to millions of uprooted people that this scheme caused.

Some of his most enthusiastic supporters have questioned whether any objective, however high, could justify such ruthlessness. Certainly it would be unthinkable in this country.

Loyalty Before Humanity

But Stalin would point coldly to the results of collectivisation as the sole and sufficient answer to his critics.

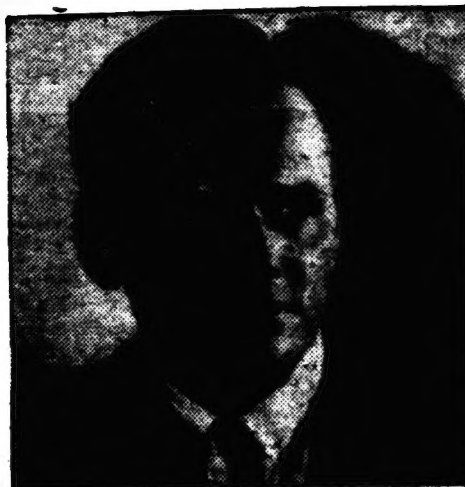
To him the cause is everything. There will be time for the humanities to dictate government when the cause is out of danger.

Will this stern, unbending loyalty to the cause prevail now? I have said that Stalin is the most powerful member of the Triumvirate because through him Russia speaks with a single voice and an unchallenged authority.

No one has done more than he has done to turn the tide of the war.

No one can do more than he can do to crown the coming victory with a wise, just and enduring peace that will abolish war and lay the foundations of a new and better World Order.

May he be as firm in this cause as he has been in the maintenance of the revolution!



Donald Stokes:
expert on spies



Dr. Eduard Hempel:
Minister to Eire



General Professor
Karl Haushofer

GERMAN AGENTS AT WORK

Here is the truth about spy and counter-spy organisations in this war. It is more absorbing, to my mind, than any novelist's "thriller" on the subject. Though enemy agents are still busy in our midst, I have at last secured the censor's permission to publish this exclusive series of articles by **DONALD STOKES**. Mr. Stokes is the author of "Men Behind Victory," which has reached a larger public than any other book published during the war, and also wrote the recent radio play, "The New Spy." An authority on espionage, he obtains his facts from the highest quarters.

The Editor

GERMAN "INVASION MANUALS" of Britain, which were discovered recently by our troops in Holland, give a glimpse of the remarkable mass of information gathered by the German Secret Service for Hitler's planned landing in this country.

If your house has more than a certain number of rooms it is listed in the manual as suitable for billeting. The manual is dated August, 1940, and the information collected is in accurate detail.

Now balance these facts against two others. First, Germany's knowledge of the damage wrought by rockets and flying-bombs on this country is obviously of the haziest kind. Secondly, Germany was completely surprised by the place of our landing in France, and by our prefabricated harbours.

Why is German Intelligence failing now, after its impressive start in the early years of the war?

The answer is that a counter-spy organisation of the finest order has been built up in this country by M.I.5, Scotland Yard, and the security staffs of the war Ministries.

In this series I shall introduce some of the men behind it all. We shall meet, also, the leaders of our own spy teams—Major-General K. W. D. Strong, who brought about the Italian surrender; Commodore Pendred, who discovered a secret buna-rubber factory in the heart of Germany; Commodore Rushbrooke, who found out the secrets of the Nazis' "human torpedoes." There are many others.

But chief place in the story of spy and counter-spy must be given to the Nazi agents who ventured into our homes and factories.

These agents brought a new conception of Secret Service, for they based their methods on scientific principles, instead of the hit-or-miss methods of past wars.

The director of German Military Intelligence, Dr. Ernst Kaltenbrunner, has at his disposal a thousand German scientists who provide the impetus for the Nazi spy offensive. They are the staff of the Geopolitical Institute in Munich.

Their research and encyclopædic statistics about Britain and America are accumulated

into a vast dossier which is relied upon by the High Command of the Wehrmacht. It is known as the Strategic Index.

Kaltenbrunner wields this formidable instrument as the slide-rule of the German war machine. He directs the soldier-scientist chief of the Geopolitical Institute, Major-General Professor Karl Haushofer, in the most all-embracing accumulation of intelligence ever attempted.

The Munich scientists not only collect the facts; they interpret them. You see the result of their work on every page of the "invasion manual" our troops have just captured.

One photograph shows a flat area of meadowland near The Wash and gives an analysis of the soil to show that it is suitable for an airfield.

Another gives statistical details of a housing estate at Wembley, with the conclusion that troops could be billeted there. The section dealing with East Anglia as an invasion-point describes how a spot near Aldeburgh, Suffolk, is suitable for flooding the River Alde and so delaying a British counter-attack.

One can easily perceive how the German tourists who toured Britain before the war were working to a carefully conceived scientific plan; there were disguised cartographers, geologists, physicists of every description.

All this was just the beginning. Professor Haushofer's men adapt new sciences to espionage.

How a Spy Was Made

Duncan Scott-Ford, a young Plymouth seaman, serving in the British Merchant Navy, was found by Nazi agents to have certain events in his past he would want kept quiet. The physiognomists of the Geopolitical Institute studied Scott-Ford's photo to see whether he was likely to be easily suborned, and they decided he was.

Scott-Ford fell prey to Nazi blackmail, spied on his own shipmates, was caught by our Naval counter-Intelligence, and hanged at Wandsworth Prison.

By a remarkable close study of the Thames tidal basin and the London water-mains

system, the German scientists were able to work out the best time to attack the City, and the right places to bomb so as to make our fire brigades run out of water.

Several of the *Stützpunkten* (base points) where Hitler proposed to set up stores of arms, radio and medical supplies, explosives, and the Fifth Columnists to use them on the day of German invasion are indicated with painstaking detail in the captured "manual."

The bearing capacity of every bridge leading to them is indicated (to guide tank commanders), every flat piece of ground is surveyed and the soil analysed (for the paratroops and glider armies). That petrol station at the top of your road is probably marked, with its storage capacity translated methodically into German litres.

We Awoke in 1940

British counter-espionage adapted itself to meet the challenge. At the beginning we were understaffed; the total money spent on our Secret Service in 1939 was £180,000, which is probably a fraction of what Hitler spent in South America alone. Our first important step, however, was the decision, made in 1940, to meet the scientific challenge of the Nazis by scientific methods of our own.

Working in collaboration with Scotland Yard, and with the Security Section of the Ministry of Economic Warfare set up by Mr. Hugh Dalton, M.I.5 compiled an index of every arms factory, every public utility and vulnerable point in our transport system, every vital warehouse, to see how they could best be defended against spies and saboteurs.

Only a few days after our scientists and the Secret Service had joined forces, they drew the attention of the Cabinet to a terrible weakness in our defences.

Military Intelligence had for several months been in possession of information which indicated designs on Norway. Our scientists now pointed out that if Germany seized Norway, Britain would be deprived of its principal source of calcium carbide.

This substance, made by heating lime and

coal in electric range of fert plastics. No su existed in Bri humiliat ex raw materials into calum ca

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Kaltenbrunner:
Spy Overlord

Commodore Rushbrooke:
beat the human torpedo

WORK IN BRITAIN

electric furnaces, is the basis of a wide range of fertilisers, alcohols, acetates and other suitable materials for the purpose of Britain. We had always had the experience of shipping our own materials over to Norway to be turned into calcium carbide there.

School for Espionage

The largest factories in Britain were dependent on an electricity generating station several miles away, in a spot which has been militarily difficult to patrol. The power-lines leading to the station run through country which provided opportunities for sabotage.

It was made to build a generating-station on its own premises. The cost was £200,000, but a great danger to our country was removed.

Surveyors and engineers were employed to advise on safety measures for the gas systems; cholera might have been great cities if the sewage mains had been blocked.

All this preliminary work had been done. Secret Service turned from passive defence to plans for catching the spies before they could do any damage.

Canaris, who was chief of Hitler's secret service in 1940, was quick to seize the opportunity provided by our open-door policy in the face of Nazi terror. A school was set up in Badenscheestrasse, in the Schoeneberg district of Berlin, to train picked men in the arts of spying and sabotage.

led by Lieut.-General von Voss, the secret service was disbanded and merged into the S.S. Corps in guerilla warfare for the underground war when Germany was won.

Von Voss saw that the "refugees" were provided with everything that the German index of the Geopolitical Institute required. They learned the rationing system in Britain, the organisation of the Home Guard, the A.R.P. They were required to learn the leading personalities of the disorganised war time regulation. They were taught the mysteries of micro-photography, radio communication, codes and

Kaltenbrunner replaced Admiral Canaris in 1942 as chief of the German Secret Service. He brought a new idea of intimidation. He threatened his victims with the fate of their relatives, unless the victims agreed to his plans.

He was the product of the Berlin "refugee" school. He was Eugene Timmermann, forty-two years old, a Belgian, who tried to enter Britain

by posing as a refugee. Our security officers soon discovered him. Timmermann had crystals on him for the making of invisible ink, and special stationery with which to use it.

He was ready with an elaborate story of how he had been ill-treated by the Nazis in Belgium, but when we cross-checked his story with the White Brigade in Belgium—the underground movement—his gullit became clear, and he went to the scaffold.

The model for what may well be the spy of the future was Josef Jakobs, a German soldier who was dropped by parachute. He had been provided, to communicate with Berlin, with a short-wave transmitter.

I had this set demonstrated to me by an Intelligence Officer. It could have been heard easily in Germany, yet it was so small it could have been carried in a small suitcase.

Directly Jakobs was arrested, our counter-espionage tightened up the system of listening for illegal radio messages. The B.B.C., the Post Office, and the Army Signal Corps, were asked to collaborate in setting up a twenty-four-hour "patrol" of the ether, and the instruments which can detect from where a radio message is being sent were increased in number and power.

The southern Irish have been a source of trouble to M.I.5, as well as the "refugees." One German-hired gang of Irish saboteurs was broken up just before the war, and at the trial it was made clear that the Nazi Consul at Liverpool had organised them.

Not all the thousands of Irish labourers who have streamed over to take jobs in British arms factories have done so just for our money. There has been evidence that some have taken money from two masters; some sabotage has been traced to them.

Sabotage in Our Midst

At Dublin, the German Minister-Plenipotentiary, Eduard Hempel, has a free hand, and his presence with his staff in this part of the British Empire was the subject of representations to De Valera in March of this year. M.I.5 has had to institute special measures to prevent our secrets passing out to Germany through Eire.

Because the war is now being fought in Germany, it does not mean that the spy war in Britain is over. London, especially, is a fantastic scene of espionage and counter-espionage. Besides the agents of Germany still among us, and our counter-spies, there are the agents of at least eight Allied Governments, each busy with their own inquiries.

Once let slip by a careless tongue, a secret does not stand much chance of survival in Britain. The battle against the constant danger of the spy-offensive is one in which you and I can play a decisive part by guarding our tongues. The enemy is in our midst.

NEXT WEEK: WEAPONS
OF THE MODERN SPY.

Hannen Swaffer Talks

ABOUT PEOPLE IN THE NEWS

THERE IS AN IDEA around, in high-up political circles, that the General Election will not take place till October.

But, if the war ends by then, will the Tories spring a surprise on their opponents, and go to the country suddenly in April?

I hear the whisper that such is the plot. So I print it, as a warning to all the parties favouring wholesale reforms.

Watch the Beaver!

Lord Beaverbrook, who has more influence on the Premier than any other Minister, is in charge of the plans, whatever they may be. Although he often lacks in judgment, when it comes to policy, he has a nose for politics. More than that, his engaging manner, his gifts of flattery and his habit of asking questions as though he did not know the answers, conceal from many an infinite astuteness.

In their days out of office, it used to be Winston and F. E. Smith. Now, in power, it is Winston and the Beaver.

This is the plan—"Off With Controls" and "The Man who Won the War" as the slogans, and "glamour-boy" ex-officers standing as Tory candidates in as many seats as the old men can be induced to give up.

B.B.C. Mystery

WHY WAS IT, when Michael Foot debated with J. C. Hooper on the air—they discussed the lengths to which political criticism should go—was he announced as part-author of "Guilty Men" and author of "The Trial of Mussolini," but no mention was made of "Brendan and Beverley," his latest pamphleteering bomb-shell?

Were the B.B.C. staff afraid of offending Brendan Bracken, their demi-semi-quaverer? For the Minister of Information is one of the two historical, or hysterical, characters which Michael makes into fiction, and whom he uses as a peg on which to satirise pro-Chamberlainism in all its pre-war forms.

Michael Foot Kicks

Besides, why was Michael Foot called "a political writer for a daily paper," whereas, of course, they meant the *Daily Herald*.

If an actor goes on the air, we are continually bored by such nothingness "by permission of George Black."

Foot, in controversy with Hooper and Vansittart, both taken on vigorously in the same week, proved that, not only as a journalist, but as a debater and spell-binder, he is one of the rising hopes of the Labour Party. Foot doesn't need to take a yard; an inch will do.

All-in "Wrestling" Banned

WHY IS IT ONLY NOW that the London County Council has banned all-in "wrestling" in the halls it licenses?

For years all but the gullible knew that the performers rehearsed the bouts in which they took part publicly, that the winner was arranged beforehand and that a "champion" was chosen because his handsome looks or personality made him "good box-office."

Mind you, all-in "wrestling" is exciting enough and often an amusing show. But it is so brutal, at least to look at, that if it were genuine it would be impossible.

It must be ten years since ill-paid men taking part in these exhibitions



AS SEEN BY GEORGE WHITELAW

came to me and begged me to expose the whole thing. I did my best; but masses of the public still fell for it.

Navy Defies the Church

A NAVAL CHAPLAIN surprises me by telling me that whereas, on land, the Sacrament is rightly banned to all but confirmed communicants—and they are refused it if they have been divorced—Admiralty orders insist that any sailor can take part in Holy Communion.

That means, of course, that chaplains cannot even inquire too closely into whether or not a would-be communicant is a member of the Church of England!

So what Dick Sheppard instituted privately in St. Paul's—a Communion service for all Christians—is regular practice in the Fleet.

Brave Publishers

ALL PEOPLE ENGAGED in publishing—editors, writers, composers and printers—can take pride in the fact that in every oppressed country underground printing went on, despite the Gestapo.

Truth was disseminated because Caxton's followers never lost faith. One firm remained stalwart openly.

Hatchette's, the French distributors of British books and papers abroad, resisted three separate attempts to force them to "collaborate" with the Germans. Although some other firms took the easy way, Hatchette's defied Laval, twice even to his face.

So, in an hour of grave peril to the directors and staff, the distribution of British books in neutral countries continued unimpaired.

Knowledge is a Bomb

A FRIEND APTLY SUMMARISED the attitude of Orthodoxy of all kinds to the new knowledge that is spreading everywhere, to the dismay of hide-bound politicians and theologians.

"It is like a V2 bomb," he said. "It makes no noise and you cannot see it. Then, suddenly, it bursts. The explosion is the first sign of it of which Orthodoxy is aware."

"Yes," I replied. "A little college is a dangerous thing."

Economics for the Kids

Yes, it spreads. . . . A master at Dulwich College recently told the boys, in the course of a geography lesson, that if 2d. a lb. were added to the price of tea, the natives of Ceylon would be able to live in conditions of decency.

"Even if the price made tea a luxury," he added, "at least it would not continue to be drunk at the expense of human beings."

The Seven Crises of Hercules Smith

THE CALL OF THE WILD

Like all ordinary people he would be surprised if you told him his life was packed with drama. But this series of short stories, specially written for John Bull, proves that strange things can happen even to a little man named Smith

by

HARRY HEARSON

ILLUSTRATED BY SHOWELL

HERCULES SMITH, having reached the age of twenty years and a position in the outer office occupied by five other clerks and two typists, was seated at his desk on an autumn afternoon, supposedly dealing with an order for an outpost of Empire. His thick, unruly brown hair was even more tangled than usual where he had run sturdy fingers through it in the excitement of visualising himself in the exotic surroundings of the Far East.

Hercules was like that.

Where other boys would privately stalk Red Indians and fly in rockets to the moon, Hercules Smith would be walking in imagination through an unexplored jungle to some dramatic encounter. His favourite mental adventure was a meeting with a stranger miles from civilisation, in which Hercules would greet the stranger—quite laconically, you understand—with the words: "Dr. Livingstone, I presume?"

Only last night he had taken Joan to a thrilling travel film at the Gaumont in the High Street. Fine stuff, it had been.

"I call that a first-rate film, Joan," he had enthused when they came out into the lighted streets. "Don't you?"

"Yes, I enjoyed it, Hercules," she said. "But—but life must be awfully uncomfortable in places like that. It's all right to read about them and see them on the films, but—"

Joan was like that. She had once told Hercules, when they were talking of great ambitions—Hercules, of course, had been thinking in terms of Scott and the Antarctic—that one of her most cherished desires was to have a Crown Derby tea-set of her very own!

And Hercules was sick with love for Joan.

Not that it was any use, of course, and he'd never said a word to her. With his salary he couldn't cut much of a figure, much less marry. Not like Tom Connor, the boss's son, who had plenty of money and time for dancing attendance on Joan.

BUT, AT LEAST, Hercules sometimes reassured himself, he did work for his living, which Tom certainly didn't. Did his job pretty well, too, if it came to that—though it was true he often had to work frantically to catch up time lost in day-dreaming.

On this autumn afternoon, indeed, he was far from the faintly dusty atmosphere of the office. He was leading a procession of natives on whose heads were balanced jars of spices. He had just plunged into the undergrowth of a towering forest of teak when he was

snatched back from it by the voice of Miss Jympson, the boss's secretary.

"Mr. Connor would like a word with you, Mr. Smith," she informed him.

"Eh? Oh, ah, yes," replied Hercules. And he followed her to the balze-covered door behind which Mr. Connor dealt dryly with the romantic products of strange countries.

Inside the chief's room Hercules met a brief glance directed at him over the familiar pince-nez.

"Ah, there you are, Hercules, my boy. I—ah—wanted a word with you about this vacancy at the Lagos office. It occurred to me—hrrm—that you might care to go out there yourself."

Ignoring a stifled yelp of excitement from Hercules, he went on: "The—ah—salary is, of course, much higher—and here he named a figure at which Hercules opened his eyes very wide indeed—"but I think you will prove—hrrm—capable of earning it. There is, of course, the drawback that you would not be able to come home for three years. However, I thought you might be interested."

"Interested?" Hercules took a quick step forward towards the imposing desk. "Interested, sir? Why, it's the very—"

Mr. Connor motioned for silence. "No precipitation, my boy. These things must—ah—be given due consideration. *Festina lente*—er—hasten slowly, eh? A very wise precaution. Now, you think it over, and let me know to-morrow morning."

Hercules swallowed a desire to burst into speech. "Yes, sir," he said. "I'll do that. And thank you very much for the chance to—"

"Quite so. Quite so." Mr. Connor beamed at him. "Now run along, because I'm very busy."

It was only when Hercules reached home and saw the portrait of Joan in its accustomed place on the table in his den that he came up with a bang against reality. The thrilling possibilities opened up by the offer of the Lagos job had driven everything else out of his mind. Now he realised, with sudden dismay, that to accept the job would mean possibly—no, probably—losing Joan.

He sat down at his table and gazed at the pleasant face turned towards him in the picture-frame. If he went away, he asked himself miserably, would those smiling eyes share their secrets with someone else? Share them with Tom Connor?

Hercules gripped the arms of his chair. Could it be possible that the whole thing was, after all, a put-up job? Had Tom insinuated into his father's mind the idea of offering the post to Hercules? There had always been that little streak in Tom, even at school.

Presently his eyes focused again on those of the portrait. "You mustn't let him have you, Joan," he pleaded silently. "Suppose I go away to Lagos,



It was only when Hercules reached home and saw the portrait of Joan in its accustomed place on the table in his den that he came up with a bang against reality

sweetheart. Will you wait until I come back again?"

Hercules searched the smiling eyes gazing up at him. "Why should you? I'm just an ordinary sort of bloke, and a girl like you deserves something better. Some other fellow. Someone who can offer you a nice home. Three years is too long."

His eyes moved to the shelves beside the table, and he began to pick out from them books and pictures of Africa.

MUDDY RIVERS, dense forests, tracks disappearing into the scrub. Natives loading cocoa-beans into dirty tramp steamers. Beats of curious shapes being paddled up rivers towards the mysteries of the hinterland. . . .

Joan's eyes calmly smiling up at him from the portrait. . . .

"Oh, God!" Hercules thought. "It isn't fair, Joan, darling. You don't know how I've longed. . . . And I can't ask you to come with me. You'd hate it. And if I don't go after all I shan't have enough money for us to be married, and if I do go you won't wait for me. And it isn't fair to ask you to marry me, anyway. I don't know. . . ."

"Why should you wait for me?" Hercules asked the portrait passionately, and with a sudden violent movement he came to his feet, swept the books and papers from the table, and snatched up his hat. Jamming it on his head and thrusting out his solid chin, he hurried out of the house and along the road which led to Joan's home.

He would, he knew, have to burn his boats. He wasn't going to try any of the sort of tricks Tom would go in for, like playing off Joan against the chance to travel—and trying to keep both.

Hercules was so busy rehearsing the coming scene that he barely recognised Tom Connor walking hurriedly down the hill until he was past. Tom seemed to be in a tear about something. Perhaps—yes, for sure, he had been spending the evening with Joan. Maybe he was hurry-

ing home now to announce to his parents his engagement.

Hercules faltered, then went doggedly onward up the hill.

Joan seemed pleased to see him. "Hello, Hercules," she greeted him. "And what do you want at this time of night?"

Hercules looked at her confusedly. "I wanted to have a word with you, Joan, and—and—"

She smiled at his indecision. "Come on in then, you old silly." And she drew him into the lounge and sat him down beside her on the sofa.

"Now, what's it all about?"

Hercules gulped. "I—I—Mr. Connor offered me a job at Lagos this afternoon, Joan. You know—in Africa."

Joan nodded. "Yes, I heard about it."

"You—you heard about it?" Hercules was puzzled. "But how could you?"

Joan laughed. "There's no mystery about it," she reassured him. "Tom Connor told me this evening. He said you'd accepted the post and were going away for three years."

"Then he's a liar!" Hercules snapped, and suddenly flushed. "I'm sorry, Joan. I shouldn't have said that about him. Perhaps you and he—"

"He rather gave me the impression," Joan said carefully, "that you were running away from—from something or other. But I know you don't run away from things, Hercules, so I didn't altogether—"

"He'd no business to tell you anything of the sort," said Hercules, ruffling his hair with his hands. "For one thing I haven't accepted the old man's offer, and for another I'm not going to. I can't."

Joan's pretty brows crinkled attractively in puzzlement. "You can't, Hercules? But—but I thought—"

"I know," blurted Hercules. "I know. But I can't. I—I've found something much more important at home here. I—I—"

Joan smiled gently. "Something more important, Hercules?"

"It's—it's you, Joan," he said awkwardly. Hercules suddenly reached for her hand and held on to it hard, as if drawing courage from it to speak. "I—I want you to marry me, Joan," he stammered.

"Oh," said Joan gravely. "I see. Then perhaps," she added with a twitch at the corner of her lips, "it's just as well that I turned down Tom Connor half an hour ago."

Hercules' eyes jerked wide open as if he were a puppet operated by wires. Turned down! Turned—Oh, Joan! And—and I've always been frightened to ask you, because it wasn't fair. And now—now, and at last the words came out with a rush, "now I've decided to refuse this job, and I shan't have enough money, and I never ought to ask you, and—oh, I know the whole thing's impossible."

HE STOPPED, and Joan managed to return a little pressure against the astonishingly firm grip of his hand. "But why," she asked innocently, "why impossible? We could wait, couldn't we?"

Hercules' mouth opened a little, and saved that way—until he bethought himself of a better use for it. . . .

Hercules arrived at the office the next morning in a state about halfway between dreaming and reality, and with such feelings overlaid by the grim knowledge that he was shortly going to have to explain to the boss that he didn't want the job in Africa.

He was, in fact, rehearsing at his desk a little speech of explanation when he was interrupted by the arrival of Miss Simpson.

"Mr. Connor would like a word with you, Mr. Smith," she told him.

"Eh? Oh, ah, yes," Hercules replied, and walked weakly in the direction of the baize-covered door.

Then he thought of Joan, and, squaring his shoulders, pushed open the door and marched in.

Now for it, thought Hercules, and began to grope for the phrases. He never found them, for the chief got in first.

"Ah, yes, Hercules, my boy," he said. About—hrrm—about that job in Lagos. He paused, as if searching for words, and Hercules, gulping, opened his mouth to speak. He was waved down.

"Since I—ah—put the proposition to you yesterday," said Mr. Connor, "a most unfortunate hitch has occurred. Believe me, I knew nothing of it at the time or I should never—. In short," said Mr. Connor in the manner of one who has seen the market-square clock make the foundations from its bricks and start walking up the High Street, "last night, my son Tom came to me and begged me to let him have the post."

Hercules turned an exclamation into a cough, and contrived to look hurt.

"Then, sir, I gather that—"

"Quite so," Mr. Connor agreed gravely, and, relieved at having got the worst of the business over, came around his desk and laid an affectionate arm across Hercules' shoulders. "The whole thing," he told Hercules, "seemed so grossly unfair to you that I was taking the unusual step of—hrrm—making a substantial increase in your salary. Not quite what you would have had if the Lagos post had remained open, but—ah—a substantial increase. Yes."

"Oh, I say," Hercules blurted out. "That's—that's frightfully good of you. I—I—"

Mr. Connor beamed down on him. "Get another word, my boy. Not another word. Now run along."

Hercules stumbled out of the room into existence the next few months of which were passed in a sort of daze. The local paper, in reporting the wedding of Mr. Hercules Smith and Miss Joan Malcolim, listed the bridegroom's present to the bride as a Crown Derby set, and the bride's present to the bridegroom as a handsomely bound edition of H. M. Stanley's "In Darkest Africa."

These books make news

WINNING THE PEACE

Henry Wilson Harris. Editor of the "Spectator," author of several books on the old League of Nations, studies the problems of the coming peace, and gives a plan for curbing Germany's future war potential

by VINCENT BROME



Wilson Harris says that a new League of Nations must not only act, but act in time

EVENTS MAY SEE the birth of a new version of the League of Nations, and this time the fate of the whole civilised world will hang upon it.

At once a vital question presents itself: Why did the first League fail?

There is one answer regularly given to this question. If a single member of the old League cast its vote against a plan of action, then no action could be taken. Many shrewd observers of world affairs put their finger on this as the weakest spot.

Wilson Harris, in his latest book, *Problems of the Peace* (Cambridge University Press, 3s. 6d.), will have none of it. Nor does he believe that the absence of the United States from the League was the main reason for its failure.

Root Cause of Failure

With the weight of a very wide experience he says: "The root cause of the failure to prevent aggression was the unwillingness of the individual nations . . . to carry out the undertakings they had given when they signed the Covenant."

"There were no doubt legal loopholes for evasion, but the plain duty of every member of the League, when faced with the fact or menace of aggression, was to take common action, economic or military or both."

This time one cardinal law must apply. Each member must be fully prepared not only to take action, but to take action in time.

Meanwhile, Harris believes that there are several sections of the old League which are well worth preserving. The International Labour Organisation, for instance, and the Financial and Economic Section.

He says: "The original League was well planned, as were the tasks allotted to it—supervision of the reduction of armaments, the execution of pledges of mutual assistance in the event of aggression, co-operation in Labour legislation. . . ."

It remains this time to see that they are vigorously carried out. The key to the whole situation is action, and action at the right time.

There is a unique feature in this war which may answer the next question—how can action be taken?

This feature is the number of naval, military and air bases ceded to one another by the United Nations. "The experiment has worked well and its extension after the war has been seriously discussed, the R.A.F., for example, being given forward bases in Belgium and Holland and Northern France, and some or all of these countries acquiring bases in Britain. . . ."

The arrangement would be between the two countries concerned, but it would have to fit into a larger frame-

work of strategic bases conceived on a world scale.

Whether the forces which materialise to preserve peace are national or international, a network of strategic bases must be planned throughout the world. Air Forces alone are not enough. There must be ground forces to protect the bases.

This brings up the problem of bases in Germany. The first job with Germany, says Wilson Harris, is to strip her of all military power. The second job is to keep her stripped.

"After the last war the island of Heligoland, which commands the Western entrance to the Kiel Canal, was demilitarised, but left in German hands. That mistake will hardly be made again. Heligoland may revert to British sovereignty as before 1890, or it may if international co-operation develops so far, be made into an international naval base."

A network of such bases might be one way of keeping Germany in order.

Curbing Industrial Power

There remains Germany's giant industrial power.

Here Wilson Harris puts forward two suggestions. The first is to ration the supply of nickel and oil for Germany's post-war industry.

By wiping out supplies of nickel and oil entirely we could wipe out Germany's chance of waging modern war. But this method would also wipe out several million Germans as possible customers for some of the goods we make.

A complete embargo on oil and nickel would mean widespread unemployment in Germany, and it is, in our own interests that the Germans should not be unemployed. So, ration the supply of nickel and oil, says Mr. Harris, and keep the most rigorous check upon its use.

His second suggestion fuses the heavy industries of Western Germany with France, and Eastern Germany with Poland. This not only follows the trend of international industrial development. It also makes Frenchmen and Poles part directors and part managers of these heavy industries. That would keep effective check on any secret attempt to manufacture arms.

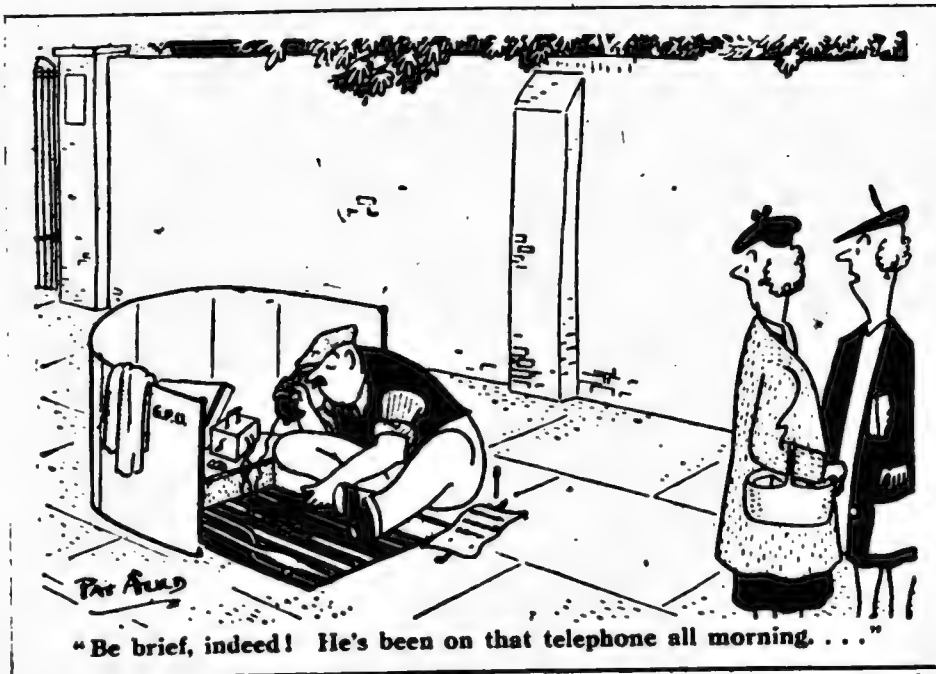
Wilson Harris writes quietly and clearly. He does not allow emotion to cloud the scene. He knows that violent reactions against Germany, thrown up in the heat of the moment, may bring greater disaster in the end.

Secret Document

However, he is not blind to many sinister signs. Towards the end of the book he reveals some remarkable details from a document which fell into the hands of the French.

It was a secret memorandum written in March, 1944, by General von Stuepnagel and read in part: "We need not be afraid of the peace terms with which we are being threatened. We shall place a few workers at our enemies' disposal for the reconstruction of their devastated territories. We shall wear them out by our tactics in negotiation, and initiate a propaganda campaign appealing to humanitarian sentiments and sympathy."

This is a book which should be read now. It is short, lucid, and holds some of the seeds of a lasting peace.



Free Speech

Doctors Must be Guided by Patients

This page is for your opinions. Speak out—say what you like from JOHN BULL'S Free Speech Platform

I GREATLY APPRECIATE the interest JOHN BULL is taking in the future of medical services, and the Open Letter addressed to myself.

The British Medical Association is fully aware of its responsibilities to the public, and at its annual representative meeting the policy of its members will be guided by the interests of their patients. It is the patients who matter.

Broad issues are involved which go far beyond the details of technical administration and the bricks and mortar of hospitals and health centres. Behind all medical work lie the individual, personal and human problems of every man and woman, problems which depend for their solution on ease of mind and confidence between doctor and patient. These things cannot be controlled by rule or regulation.

In his daily work among rich and poor alike the doctor seeks to adjust the everyday problems in every home. He will not forget them when, at the meeting, he co-operates in framing one of our most important post-war campaigns, a campaign to defeat sickness and suffering.—H. GUY DAIN, Chairman of Council, British Medical Association, Tavistock Square, W.C.1.

Win, Then Winston

AM I RIGHT in the conclusion I have formed after careful study of the newspapers lately—namely, that the forces of the Left are ready to get Mr. Churchill thrown overboard the moment the war ends?

It looks as if there is going to be a mad scramble for power. Others will promise so much more than our statesmanlike Prime Minister that he'll be eclipsed as soon as we cease to depend on him. That is not the way I like to see things done. I am a working man but shall vote for the Tories rather than see Churchill thrown on the scrap-heap when this is all over.—T. MCKENZIE, Wallasey, Cheshire.

Alfred Williams

VINCENT BROME'S ARTICLE about Alfred Williams, the Wiltshire poet, was both interesting and inspiring. There was a man who slaved in face of all difficulties to educate himself. Yet he never earned £2 a week, and he certainly did not make himself famous enough for me, at least, to have heard of him.

I dare say Williams has given pleasure and encouragement to the few who have read his books, but his life and energy were greatly wasted. Scholarship is no good if the results are not passed on. I would rather have a craftsman who can turn out a fine piece of furniture than half a dozen scholars of the Alfred Williams type.

Is it not selfish to spend your life in book learning just because you like it, while others are producing something for the common good?—SAMUEL BRIGGS, Coventry.

Well Spent £700?

AT PROTEST MEETINGS, ratepayers have declared their intention of opposing, at the next election, members of the rural district council who recently voted in favour of giving nearly £700, the profits made by three British Restaurants, to the six officials who organised and supervised them.

These councillors, who have, it is alleged, tossed a large sum of money to

their officials, are men who were elected by the people who are now so indignant. I wonder how many of those who protested so vigorously ever bothered to vote in a local government election, ever supported their representatives, or took the slightest interest in local affairs? I think I know the answer.

I have been connected with public bodies for many years, at first as an official, and, more recently, as a councillor. It is only when their pockets are touched (or when someone else gets something!) that the electors wake up.

Possibly this silly business will result in a rebirth of civic interest in rural districts. If so, the £700 will have been well spent.—W. A., Canterbury.

Thanks from Pembroke

I WISH TO EXPRESS our very sincere appreciation in the interest you have taken thus far in our town and people.

It was indeed gracious of you to send your Special Commissioner, whose visit we enjoyed and valued, to investigate matters and to glean first-hand knowledge of the leasehold problem affecting Pembroke Dock.

Your columns are constantly fighting the evil forces of reaction in our midst. Long may you be spared to continue the fight. Again a grateful 'Thank you.'

To conclude on a personal note. I have been a registered reader of JOHN BULL for over 20 years, and one of my keenest anticipations is to spend an hour in its refreshing company when the day's work is done.—J. R. WILLIAMS, Secretary, Pembroke Dock Leaseholders' Association, Gwyther Street, Pembroke Dock, S. Wales.

Oranges and Corsets

PEOPLE RESPONSIBLE for putting out some of the Government "news items" have a wicked sense of humour. They tell us that oranges and grapefruit are to be reduced in price.

That has about as much practical bearing on life as the offer of a ticket for a sea cruise to Utopia.

Then we're told that the Board of Trade has decided to end all restrictions on women's corsets. All restrictions,

that is to say, except the ceiling price—and free use of rubber.

I work in the office of a big corset wholesaler.

It is pathetic as well as monotonous to hear his explanations to excited customers who want to know when they can get the first pre-war type corset. Of course, there won't be any until the makers can buy (and charge for) pre-war materials.—A. C. S., Northwood, Middlesex.

Potato Hash

WHY BLAME THE FARMER for the low wages of his employees? Until the consumer is ready to pay more for his produce the farmer cannot afford to increase wages. Government subsidies benefit the consumer, not the farmer. One of your readers mentioned the £10 per acre potato subsidy, but if the Government had not controlled potato prices at, or below, pre-war rates, the returns to the farmer would have been much higher than now.—A. W. S., Belfast.

Post-War Theatregoing

YOUR CONTRIBUTOR, Harold Brighouse, outlined some interesting proposals for theatres after the war. May I suggest that, if the theatres revert to their pre-war degree of discomfort, they will discover their new-found prosperity deservedly vanishing? Could not the gallery and pit enthusiasts be allowed to wait inside the building instead of being forced to endure cold and darkness in some back alley outside until the last possible moment? — Miss A. E. BONE, Bowes Park, N.22.

ONE THING I DON'T WANT to see after the war—the return of the old 8.30 p.m. opening time for London theatres. It means an awful wait for those who leave work about 6 p.m. and live too far away to go home before the performance. Even a leisurely meal does not fill in over two hours. Then, after the show, there is the frantic rush to catch an overcrowded last train. The provinces do things better—there the shows start at 7 or 7.30 p.m.—J. HARRIS, Catford, S.E.



Two-pronged attack!



Well, this is what she looks like. Joan Griffiths is here seen at the door of a broadcasting studio

They Think She's Great

WHAT DOES THIS young woman, Joan Griffiths, of the B.B.C., look like? My husband out East has mentioned her three times in his letters over the last six months. He says his pals all think she's great. I don't think it's altogether right that our husbands should get so much of these lady announcers.—Mrs. T. H., Barrow-in-Furness, Lancs.

New Time-Tables Wanted

NOW THAT TRAINS are consistently late, why don't the railway companies revise their printed time-tables to fit the real arrival times? I sometimes travel from Birmingham on Sunday night by a train due at Paddington at 9.20 p.m. In a couple of years I have never known it arrive before 9.40 p.m.

The trains from Aldershot to Waterloo are all given in the time-table as taking an hour and one or two minutes. The real time is an hour and eight or ten minutes. Long-distance trains always seem to be at least half an hour late now. If the actual arrival times were printed, instead of the times that exist only in the dreams of the railway companies, we should know where we stood. There would be fewer grouches from travellers and less time wasted by those meeting trains.—R. L., Doughty Street, W.C.1.

Communal Punishment?

SCHOOLMASTERS OFTEN PUNISH a whole class if one boy has done wrong and won't own up. That seems to me to give youngsters a false idea of justice to carry with them into the world. Why should a culprit hide behind the loyalty of his schoolfellows, knowing they won't "split"? Two or more wrongs don't make a right, and one of the first things to teach at school is a sense of justice.—A. B., Headingley, Leeds.

Letter v. Telephone

THE G.P.O. TELLS US to write instead of telephoning. A telephone call from a public box costs 2d. and one's business is settled immediately. A letter costs 2½d., plus, in these days, about a half-penny for paper and envelope, and one has to wait two days for an answer. And what about the work which a letter causes? I should say that the time occupied by the various post office employees who handle a letter is considerably more than that taken by one telephone operator in dealing with a local call.—Miss T. J., Beaufort Street, Chelsea, S.W.3.

LITTLE MAN'S BIG PUSH

ERNEST JAY, writer of this article, is Political Correspondent of the "Daily Herald." A family man, interested in social affairs, he finds time for trade union work

IN THE BROWN HOUSEHOLD in Any Street, Any Town, England, Scotland or Wales, they are holding their heads higher.

Mr. Brown has worked in a munitions factory through the long, dark days since the war began. Mrs. Brown has toiled for three years in an aircraft factory. Jim, their eldest son, is in the Army. Mary is a WAAF, and young Alfred, still at school has done his bit as a boy scout collecting salvage and savings.

It's Our Story

The story of the Browns is the story of the British people during the five years of war. And the Browns, and their neighbours, have figured as the principals in the greatest record of achievement the world has ever known.

In the unromantic official publication of "Statistics relating to the war effort of the United Kingdom" there is a Doomsday Book record of a nation at war—a saga of energy and national effort in face of difficulties such as no nation has ever before encountered.

Mr. Brown has gone on, week after week, making bits and pieces whose purpose he only vaguely understood. Mrs. Brown, too, has stuck at her monotonous job, often wondering whether the little things she turned out by the million were really worth all the boredom she sometimes felt during her long hours of work.

They know better now. The victories that have followed D-Day have changed all that. Young Jim was in that assault on the beaches and is now fighting hard but confidently inside Germany itself.

As for Mary, shop assistant before the war, she has spent days and nights in the control room of a bomber station. Hers has been the welcome voice heard by the crews of returning bomber crews with her "C for Charlie, you may pan-take."

Mr. Brown's Army

Young Alfred has had his moments, as when Mary told him that the waste paper he collected had probably gone into the making of detachable petrol tanks.

Until now each had done his or her part, realising that he or she was just a cog in a vast machine, knowing little of the purpose or pattern of the gigantic task. Because such knowledge might have helped the enemy, even those engaged could be told only what was necessary to do the job.

Now the veil has been lifted. Mr. Brown is told that he belongs to an army of more than 10,000,000 men who, in five years, have built more than 25,000 tanks and nearly a million other vehicles of all kinds. When he left the garage where he worked the Army had neither weapons nor equipment.

As a member of that army of workers

he has helped to produce more than 13,000 field and other guns, more than 6,000 heavy and 15,000 light anti-aircraft guns, nearly 4,000,000 machine guns and 2,000,000 rifles.

Mr. Brown's cousin, a commercial traveller, directed into a Government explosives factory when his job became no longer necessary, discovers that he has helped to produce more than a million tons of explosives.

These have been used to fill 18,000 torpedoes, 30,000,000 rounds of naval ammunition, and a million mines and depth charges.

For the Army, he has helped to produce 161,000,000 rounds of gun ammunition, 88,000,000 mortar bombs, 387,700,000 rounds of 20mm. ammunition, eight thousand rounds of small arms, 80 million grenades and 17 million anti-tank mines.

Mrs. Brown, one of the two million workers behind the Royal Air Force, has helped in the production of well over 100,000 aircraft, of which more than 10,000 are heavy four-engined bombers, and nearly 40,000 fighters, with some 18,000 light and medium bombers.

And Mrs. Brown now knows that she is one of those 7,100,000 women without whose aid the schedule of operations on the Continent could not have been kept.

Ten Million Fighters

Jim, now a sergeant, has seen the Army grow until it is now three million strong and equipped with all the latest weapons in profusion.

He was in the retreat from Benghazi. He saw the transformation at Alamein, helped to chase the Hun across North Africa, went into Italy and then came home to help prepare for the bigger job on the European Continent.

He had seen the Army grow in size and striking power, and he discovers that there are more than four and a half million fighting men like himself and that the British Commonwealth and Empire has provided some ten million warriors.

During his fighting career he has seen many of his comrades killed or wounded. Those casualties in five years of war add up to 563,112, of whom 176,081 lie dead as the price of victory on many battlefields.

There is a grim determination in Sergeant Brown's heart to go through to the end. He remembers the destruction wrought by Nazi bombers and fly-bombs, but never before understood the extent of the damage.

He is told that practically every third house, taking the country as a whole, has been damaged or totally destroyed, and that 457,000 have disappeared altogether or been rendered uninhabitable.

Mary, one of the first to learn of the

invasion, has seen the delivery of bombs on Germany being stepped up as Bomber Command, with the American heavies, batter targets on which the Nazis depend to carry on the war.

She has seen the bomb loads grow bigger with every month. Often she has wondered how long it can be kept up. Over a million tons of bombs have been made—and there are still large numbers awaiting delivery—and that thought comforts her.

Her job has kept her too busy to be bored, as most of the 467,000 young women in the Forces have found.

Honour the Seaman

Young Alfred has had a hankering to go to sea. It was the atmosphere of adventure that appealed to him. That instinct, so naturally British, has cost the lives of 29,629 seamen—most of whom went to sea in defiance of the worst the Nazis could do.

They paid the price, but they brought in the raw materials, they took the troops and the weapons to our Forces wherever needed. Sergeant Brown will not forget those men of the Merchant Navy.

He remembers those days when every convoy was a journey through hell, when the men of the sea defied a seemingly ceaseless hail of death. When men left home and on their return found loved ones had been shattered or killed, 57,298 of them, and another 78,818 injured, among them 23,757 mothers, sweethearts, wives and 7,250 children.

The Browns, with the Smiths and the Joneses and the rest have not only toiled and sweated through blood and tears—as they now see to a gigantic purpose—they have paid as well.

Mr. Brown has had the new experience of paying income tax, just one of those seven million manual workers who have contributed £200,000,000 towards payment of the nation's expenditure on the war that cost £5,782 millions last year alone.

The family have gone short of many things, paid taxes on most things, bought, saved all they could in the pile-up of national thrift that has given the Government another £7,000 millions to draw on. And each has a share in that £305,000,000 of post-war credits as a stand-by for the "rainy day", that may come after.

The Browns have known it was a hard war; they have admired the efforts of Britain's Allies, but now they learn that they and their neighbours have done more than any other nation.

And they may well ask if a country that has made so unprecedented an effort to win the war need fail at the equally huge task of winning the peace—providing its energies are well-planned in advance and shrewdly directed.

Your Good Health Colds in the Head by Dr. GREVILLE PARK

ONE WAY TO PREVENT colds in the head is to take heaps of exercise, good food and fresh air.

The germ of the common cold is always with us in towns, and only our general resistance and the concentration of the infection decide whether we "atishoo" or not. Being sneezed at, or talked to confidentially by a sufferer, puts a strain on even a fairly good resistance. Something can be done after such anti-social conduct by washing hands and face and sniffing cold water up the nose, to get rid of the germs.

KEEP BY YOU a bottle of what your chemist calls chlorine garlic. If fresh, this is a dark yellow liquid with a most unpleasant smell of chlorine. But germs hate chlorine worse than you do. Remove the cork and sniff the gas up both nostrils till it makes you cough.

You will soon feel your head clear. Repeat your sniff once an hour, and in a very few hours the cold will have gone.

If you have waited till your head is boiling and your nose like a tap, the cure is not nearly as easy; but even then chlorine helps a lot. Take aspirin as well, and a hot mustard-bath—and go to bed. If you won't go to bed for your own sake, do it for others.

Use paper hankies, and burn them. If you must use your own, change them frequently and soak the soiled ones in antiseptic before washing them. Handbags and pockets full of infected hankies simply prolong your cold by re-infecting you all the time.

Your New Life The Electron Age



WITH VICTORY ASSURED, we are rapidly entering a new age: the age of the electron.

After the war your house may be heated by hidden vacuum-tubes of such amazing properties that while you are sitting in an armchair against a fully open window in a biting north-east wind they will keep you warm.

Above you, on the walls, you may have one or more electron tubes of a different sort, giving out a faint bluish tinge. They are there to destroy all microbes in the air.

These same tubes will be used in hospitals, where they will drop invisible screens of rays between individual beds, effectively shutting off any chance of cross-infection.

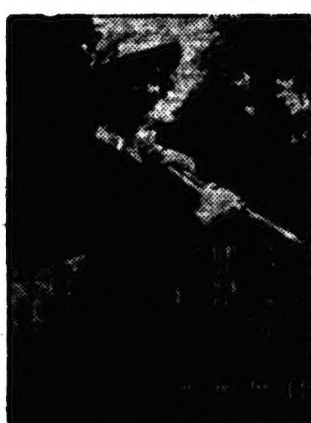
Another electron tube—the photo-electric variety—will perform any rôle from invisible burglar alarm to showing you, on a screen in the drawing-room, just exactly what baby is doing upstairs!

These are but isolated instances of the impact of the electron on your future life.

I will tell you about others in future articles. H. H.



Steel workers have enabled our munitions output to rise six-fold during the five years of war



184,000 women have helped to increase home-grown food supplies by no less than 70 per cent.



She is one of the seven million women in the Services, whole-time Civil Defence, or industry



A seaman dressed for the Russian route. In all, 2,921 British Merchant vessels have been lost

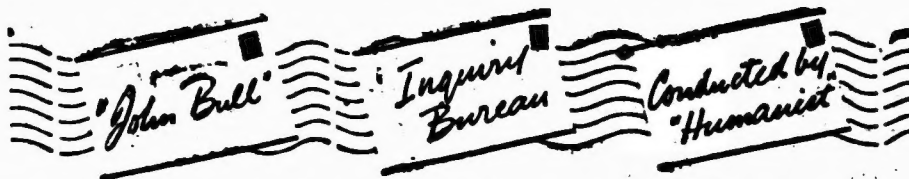
"ALTHOUGH I AM A MAN of over thirty, I have never yet stayed in a hotel. I shall be going to one soon for a few days' holiday, and I don't want to make any glaring mistakes. When I arrive, what do I do? Shall I be informed of times of meals? Shall I be called in the morning? Whom do I tip—and how much?"

There is no need to be nervous. On arrival, you should go to the Reception Office where you will be allotted a room and given a key. You will also be asked to fill in the necessary forms. A porter will carry your bags and show you your room. Times of meals are usually displayed in the bedroom. Tell the reception office what time you wish to get up in the morning and the chambermaid will call you. If there is a telephone in your room connected with the reception office, use it when you want anything.

The chief people to tip are the chambermaid, the hall porter, and your waiter in the dining-room. Nowadays, many hotels add a fixed percentage to the bill to cover service, but, even so, small personal tips are expected. For a stay of a few days, half-a-crown each will do.

If a service charge is not made on the bill, you will be right if you calculate a total based on the following amounts for each day of your stay: chambermaid, 1s. 6d.; hall-porter, 6d.; waiter, 1s. 6d. Tip sixpence a time to a hotel servant who does any special service for you such as bringing things to your room.

"MY ONLY SON is nearly fifteen and has left school. I want him to be like his father, who matriculated and is now a qualified engineer and scale maker. But the boy hates book learning. His father compels him to go to evening



HOW MUCH SHOULD I TIP THEM?

Problems of hotel etiquette. Skilled fingers can be as useful as book learning. A case for compromise

classes, but I feel sure he gets little benefit from them.

"Yet he is clever in many ways. He can use a lathe and make working models. He limits his spending money to 1s. a week and saves every penny he can."

There is no cause for all this anxiety. Only one boy in four is keen on book learning, and this particular lad has a bent in another direction—towards practical subjects. He would probably be happy in a technical college where he can use his skilled fingers as well as his brain. He appears to have plenty of good qualities and should do well. It would be a mistake to force him to copy his father's leanings—leave him to develop his own personality.

"I AM A MARRIED WOMAN with two children. I travel every day to a clerical job in a town eighteen miles from here. I like the town where I work and should like to get a house there and settle down. But the job is far from certain and I am not particularly happy with my employers.

"Now I have received the offer of another job in a different town. The boss is better to work for and the post would be permanent, but I

loathe the town, and so does my family. So now what? Should I remain in a town I like with a job I don't like? Or should I take the job where I should be happy in a town I dislike?"

It's a choice of two evils—also a choice of two goods. You can't have it both ways. You might, however, manage a compromise by taking the more satisfactory job and then living outside the town. After the war travelling will become easy again, and you might be able to live as far as forty or fifty miles from the town which you dislike but where you have to work.

Women Can Volunteer

E. R., Derby: At the end of the war in Europe, young women will not be called up for the Forces, but they may still volunteer. Those who do not volunteer will be required either to take jobs to which they are directed, or to continue in the job they have, or to take training according to national requirements. No girl under nineteen will be sent to a job away from home.

A. C., Plymouth: When your employment terminated, you should have been given a tax form P.45 showing the amount of your earnings from April 6 last, and the total amount of tax deducted. If you are not going to take

up employment again, you should send this form to the Inspector of Taxes who deals with your assessments and ask whether any refund is due.

F. B., Sheffield: Industrial policies do not usually carry the right to be surrendered for cash. Some offices, however, undertake to grant cash in certain cases in place of the free paid-up policies that have accrued. Of course, under Section 24 (1) of the Industrial Assurance Act, 1923, surrender values can be claimed (on fulfilment of certain conditions) if the lives assured are missing and their existence is in doubt; or if the owners are permanently resident abroad or can submit proof of their intention to reside abroad.

D. N., Acton, W.: In order to be entitled to National Health Insurance sickness or disablement benefit, you must have at least thirty-six contributions to your credit for the contribution year ended July, 1943. If shortage of contributions is due to periods of incapacity for work, and medical certificates were sent to your Approved Society to cover such weeks, contributions should be excused. We advise you to raise the matter with the head office of your Approved Society.

T. L., Lancing, and others: The demand for song writers is not large, and the market is very fully supplied by professional writers and composers. The chances of an amateur being able to sell his work are slight. We do not encourage you to pay fees to have your work published.

Service

SEND YOUR PERSONAL or other problems (except medical) to the JOHN BULL Inquiry Bureau, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, which answers countless queries by post. Stamped, addressed envelope, please.

Grants to ex-Servicemen and dependants are made by JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund (registered under the War Charities Act, 1940), Box 44, 64, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

He Earned £250 in Dinner-hour!

SCRIBBLED on the margin of a newspaper during dinner-hour, four well-chosen words have just won **Bullets** No. 1451 First Prize for Mr. E. Sargeant, 4, Cunningham Road, Westhoughton, Bolton.

Here are those words: Of Vital Importance—"New Order" You Order. A neat reminder of the part we all must play in the shaping of things to come—but nothing which you could not have thought of just as easily.

Isn't it time you tried **Bullets**? Many cheques, 100 4-lb. Fruit Cakes and 1000 other prizes are waiting to be won this week—don't leave them all for other readers!

HOW TO WIN—USE THESE "EXAMPLES"

Simply add 2, 3 or 4 words of apt and original comment to any of the "Examples" and you've made a "Bullet".

SURPRISE FOR BRITAIN
WHAT WE STAND FOR
YEARS OF PEACE
MAN OVERSEAS
TITANIC TASK
TO GET RICH
A PUBLIC SERVICE
WITH WORDS
IN WAR'S BLIZZARD
CHAP WITH A COLD
WORLD-SHAKING DISCOVERY
LOOMING UP
DRUGGERY
PROVED A FLOP
UNFORTUNATE OVERSIGHT
TO HELP THE TEACHER
TRIUMPH OF BRAINS
RICHLY DESERVED
BIG IMPROVEMENT
MONEY ISN'T EVERYTHING,
BUT

Six "Examples" below are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line. Then build your "Bullet" as usual.

THE FLAG
POINTS TO
DEAR LITTLE
SOMEONE TO
GOOD NEWS FOR
UNKNOWN TO

ADDRESS ENTRY
"BULLETS" No. 1,457, "JOHN BULL,"
LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (Comp.).

£250 PRIZE, "BULLETS" 1,453

E. A. Russell, 11, Ashworth Avenue,
Ruddington, Notts.

SANDY AND DUSTY
MUDDY AND "SHINING" KNAKI.

529: S. S. Parfitt, 40, Allen Street, Mountain Ash,
Notts For Allies—"Keep On Keeping On!"

510: K. W. Dyer, "Deerhurst," Headley Lane,
Bristol.
Tommy's Christmas—"Cracking Nut,"
Opening "Door."

55: J. Loventhal, 19, Lilley Road, Fairfield, Liverpool.
Enemy Of Peace—"Private Enterprise" Handling
Arms.

54: J. Gillan, 24, The Valley, Stonehouse, N.E.
On The Easy Road—Use Eyes—"See" To-morrow!

53: Miss N. Holmes, 12, Leighton Street, Hoxton, N.E.
Every Day—Hilks Must Read Fun!

"Bullets" Pointers—No. 1

What should your **Bullets** be about? Look through the **Examples** and scores of topics will come into your mind. And remember—the other pages of **John Bull** are full of material with which to build a prize-winning **Bullet**.

- 52: T. Holland, The Orchard, Sheriff Lane, Gillingham, Kent.
- Future Of Britain—Dependent On Merchant Armies.
- 528: L. A. Wolcott, 43, Hollybush Road, Kingston-on-Thames.
- Almost Impossible—Victory Was—Defeat Is.
- 526: W. J. Giddings, 33, Verden Gardens, Brighton.
- Coming To Bits—Germany—Keep In Bit!
- 524: L. Muscivolta, 2, Westley, Sparsholt, Wokingham.
- Good Name—Lost—Others "Advertise" That.
- 523: Miss D. Fleming, 12, St. John's Road, N.W.11.
- Thanks To The Scientists—German Hopes—"The U.S."
- 522: L. Macdonald, 1, Spring Gardens, Glasgow.
- On Turnipbooks—Fish—Dad's Last Worm!

A list of 100 winners of Xmas Cakes can be seen at these offices. 1,000 Merit Awards have been posted.

RULES 1.—**Bullets** First Prize will be awarded for best **Bullet** received and other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. 2.—The Editor undertakes that all entries in **Bullets** shall receive careful consideration by a staff of competent adjudicators. 3.—To cover 1d. **Bullet** charge and entry fee, please P.O. and stamps value 6d. for two **Bullets**, or 1s. to cover four. Two free **Bullets** allowed with each four paid and plain paper entries are allowed. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, c/o 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, and plain paper entries are allowed. 4.—Entries accepted only on condition that result of this week's Contest published in **John Bull** dated Jan. 6, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and families not eligible.

XWORD

FIRST PRIZE £25—Other prizes value £25 and up to 100 Fruit Cakes. On plain paper, give IN INK 14 completed words answering Clues below.

1. These can easily upset harmony of Christmastide—WAITS. 2. A great many tenants who get in arrears do this—UNK. 3. However nursed and cultivated, bad weather plays havoc with—FORM. 4. It's probably better for these to be carefully fitted—SHOPS. 5. Railways need these for shunting—TRUCKS. 6. Rich man's may prove burden to him—FIN. 7. One for use in public usually carries an advertisement—TRA. 8. This is often too light to make a good show—FORCE. 9. Can occasionally be regarded as of vindictive nature—LASS. 10. This may well be a slip—LIDEL. 11. Average kid will learn something from—DAD. 12. Sometimes seems to turn through all the points of the compass—JANE. 13. Some children grumble if given these as Christmas presents—TOYS. 14. Usually suffers when your furniture is forcibly sold up—PRICE.

Entry fee—one 3d. stamp per set of Answers, including payment for January 6 **Gazette**. Last day to post—Monday, December 18. Address: Xword 409, John Bull, Long Acre, W.C.2 (Comp.).

CHEQUES & CAKES WON IN XWORD 405

WINNING WORDS:
1. PATH. 2. FEED. 3. TRAMP or TRUMP. 4. WIT. 5. RIOT. 6. WIDE. 7. BEAU. 8. TEA. 9. GAZE. 10. GATE or GAZE. 11. SLEEP. 12. SOAP. 13. ZEST. 14. SOAP.

THREE £50 SHARES:
G. McKinley, Faversham.
H. Orniston, Swansley; K. Ross, Broadstairs. 30 Runners-up Awards including Cakes.
Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers submitted—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entry constitutes agreement to Rules.



THIS 1,112 Prizes

£100, £20, £10, £5, £4, £3, £2, 38s., 36s., 34s., 32s., 30s., 100 4-lb. Fruit Cakes. 1000 Merit Awards.

CUT HERE

EXAMPLE
BULLET

EXAMPLE
BULLET

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry fee at the rate of 6d. for each two paid "Bullets," my remittance including 1d. for "Bullets" Bulletin dated Jan. 6. IF PREFERRED, USE PLAIN PAPER OF COUPON SIZE. P.O. Value.....
No. "BULLETS" No. 1,457.

Signed.....
Address.....

2 FREE BULLETS
For 6d. extra you may add further four **Bullets** on plain paper, thus obtaining 2 FREE

LAST DAY TO POST ENTRY—MONDAY, DEC. 18.

BOTTLED VINEGAR is best!



SARSON'S VIRGIN VINEGAR

and this is the BEST BOTTLED VINEGAR

Simpkins
(of Sheffield)
pleasant & soothing
MEDICATIONS

Now available in Tablets form at 4 1/2d. ea. (Inc. Tax)

T.C.L. (Throat, Chest and Lung)
COMPOUND of THYMOL
IODISED (Sore Throat)
FRIARS BALSAM

45% allocated to pre-war purchaser chemists, Simpkins GLUCOSE BARLEY SUGAR is available on points in Eastern Zone.

CHRISTMAS IS COMING

Families and friends will wish to exchange greetings once again, and there is little time to write to every absent one—with the paper at our disposal there should be a greeting card for all. Cards for the Forces Overseas are now gone, and it is the turn of the folks at home. Workers on land and in factory will be looking for them.

THE GREETING CARD & CALENDAR ASSOCIATION
76, FINSBURY PAVEMENT, E.C.2

IRON—Fuel for the Flame of Life
By a Doctor of Science.

Iron is essential not only to vigorous health but even to our very existence. If our bodies were deprived entirely of iron the Flame of Life would go out.

If there is deficiency of iron (iron starvation) the Flame of Life, burns more or less feebly. The symptoms are anaemia or poor-ness of blood, with its character-istic pallor and lack of energy; loss of appetite and enfeebled digestion; despondency and nervous irritability.

The cause may be irregular and unbalanced meals or inability to obtain a sufficiency of the iron-rich foods; but whatever is the cause of actual or impending iron starvation, the necessary intake of iron to meet daily requirements, and to build up an adequate reserve, can be ensured by taking a course of a reliable iron tonic.

This is the accepted way of avoiding iron starvation, and a simple and reliable remedy is Iron 'Jelloids', in which a special process ensures that the iron remains always fresh, easy to take, and readily absorbable.

N.B. As Iron 'Jelloids' rebuild your iron-strength, you will soon begin to feel better every day in every way. Iron 'Jelloids' have been known as 'The Reliable Tonic' for nearly fifty years.

Although wartime production is restricted, your usual chemist should be able to supply you. (One price only, 1/4, includes Purchase Tax.)

GRE-SOLVENT
THE ORIGINAL CLEANER



MORE HASTE.. MORE NEED

REMOVES GREASE and GRIME THAT SOAP WILL NOT TOUCH

**POWDER 7d.
PASTE - 8d.**

NO COUPONS

Work a Joy

Evening finds **HEALTHY WORKERS** tired but happily content with a day's work well done.



Walters'
Palm TOFFEE

absolutely takes the palm for Value, Quality and Charm

KEEP HEALTHY and efficient!
Nobody can afford to be handi-capped by backache, stiff, aching joints, rheumatic pains, urinary disorders or any symptom due to sluggish kidney action.

Workers on the land and in the factory use and recommend Doan's Backache Kidney Pills for banishing these troubles. This special kidney medicine brings welcome relief by helping sluggish kidneys to filter from the blood harmful impurities which cause pain and discomfort.

Temporarily, supplies of Doan's are limited, but it is worth taking extra trouble to obtain such a dependable remedy.

1/5, 3/5 (incl. tax) Ask your Chemist for

DOAN'S
Backache Kidney Pills

LET ME BE YOUR FATHER

You need help and Fatherly advice in difficult times like these. I am in the position to give that to you free.



Teach nearly all the Trades and Professions by Post, in all parts of the World. Distance makes no difference. The most progressive and most successful Correspondence College in the World.

You know what you want to do, write for prospectus. If you are undecided, write for Fatherly advice. It is free.

Direct mail to:
**DEPT. 31,
BENNETT COLLEGE,
SHEFFIELD.**



Round Chin?

For a lather that is a quick starter—and rich and plentiful **that's Easy**

For a lather that spreads evenly, keeps moist during your shave **that's Easy**

For a lather that really softens the toughest beard—and lightens the work of the blade **the answer's EASY**

SHAVING STICK
7d PER STICK
2 (includes purchase tax)

LEVER BROTHERS, PORT SUNLIGHT, LIMITED
E 374-757-68

Reserves are Essential!—
to Victory over Nerve Strain, Weakness and Fatigue

It is when your reserves of strength and energy are lacking or depleted that you fall an easy victim to common ailments and infections. Yeast is a great builder-up of power to resist and overcome morbid conditions of the nerves, stomach, digestive organs and blood. Yestamin is pure, dried yeast in highly concentrated and convenient form and entirely free from drugs. It charges the system with vital supplies—of the B vitamins, of which yeast is the richest of all natural sources and tones up the nerves by feeding them. Its action is steady and progressive, not sudden and temporary. That is one of the reasons why so many eminent medical men recommend Yestamin as a reliable food-tonic for young and old alike.

OF ALL CHEMISTS

YESTAMIN
VITAMIN YEAST
TABLETS & POWDER

1/14 & 2/- per bottle. | 1/14, 2/3d. & 4/- per tin.

THE ENGLISH GRAINS CO., LTD.,
BURTON-ON-TRENT

CAPENSIS
EXTRA SOFT



Max. Controlled Price 3d. per roll.

We ask your indulgence should your Retailer be temporarily out of stock.

BLOTCHY SKIN

RELIEF! marred by spots, ugly rashes and pimples is cleared "like magic" by Cuticura Ointment. It cleanses pores of all impurities and assures skin health. 2/10 & 1/5 at all Chemists & Stores.

Cuticura OINTMENT

CAN YOU FORGET YOUR FALSE TEETH?

It's a matter of COMFORT & CONFIDENCE

Are your false teeth "on your mind"? Are they loose, through gum-shrinkage, causing you discomfort and soreness—or embarrassment when speaking or eating? End this distress by sprinkling KOLYNOS DENTURE FIXATIVE on your dental plate—it will hold it securely and comfortably in position, and restore your confidence. Harmless to user and denture, it is prepared specifically to make false teeth fit firmly. From all chemists—1/3 & 3/3.

KOLYNOS DENTURE FIXATIVE
Also use KOLYNOS DENTURE POWDER for cleaning false teeth—1/3.

Your Murphy Dealer will see you through

The War Time Receiver is a joint effort by leading set makers to get radio sets to people who really need them. It is good that the competitors of peace time should work as a team now and we are glad to have our share in the good work. The set itself is a very sound little job, with good reception on the medium wave-band and good reproduction. If we didn't know it to be a good set we shouldn't be making it. If we advise you to get yours from a Murphy Dealer it is because we know that he can and will give you good service.

MURPHY RADIO LIMITED, WELWYN GARDEN CITY, HERTS
C.R.C. 166



VICTORY RIDES...

WITH

ABERDALE
PRECISION
BUILT CYCLES

ABERDALE CYCLE CO LTD EDMONTON LONDON N18



HERE'S THE PAIN WHERE'S the SLOAN'S?

SCIATICA

The burning, nagging pain of sciatica yields to the soothing, comforting warmth of Sloan's Liniment. Don't neglect the first symptoms—sciatica can be agonising! If you suffer from sciatica or rheumatism, lumbago, neuritis, sprains, remember: Use Sloan's and get quick relief.

Price 2/- from all Chemists.

SLOAN'S Liniment

Kills Pain

When
Pte. Smith
becomes
Mr. Smith



he'll still insist on using
**CHERRY
BLOSSOM
BOOT POLISH**

Its brilliant shine has made Cherry Blossom the most widely used boot polish. It is unsurpassed for preserving and waterproofing the leather.

CS/CS

PENSIONED OFF!



"Pensioned off! And no not much more than a kitten! What an insult."



"What's this—Tibs in my bowl? Thank goodness Mimsie has found out what I need."



"At last I'm one jump ahead of those manmovers. See how they run! Mimsie says I'm worth my weight in gold—or Tibs."

TIBS

Keep cats
kittenish

Remember the rule: one powder a day. TIBS are tasteless in food or drink. From all corn merchants and chemists. In packets of nine for 7d. Agents: Bob Martin, Ltd., Southampton.

Here's the easy answer to your Gift Problem



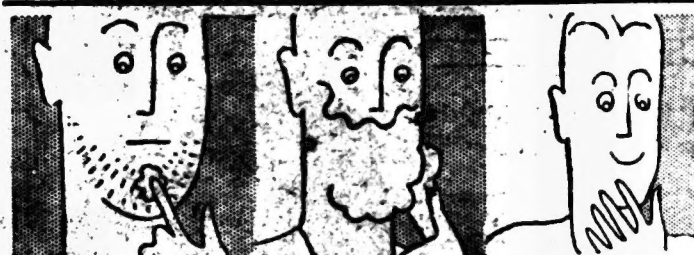
This Xmas give yourself a holiday from the harassing chase after gifts that aren't there, save yourself the worry of wondering how to please difficult tastes. Give National Savings Gift Tokens—the present that's popular with everyone, and is so easy to buy. You can get Tokens in units of 15/- up to any amount from any Post Office, Trustee Savings Bank, Savings Centre, or through your Savings Group. What's more, your Gifts will help the country and start to grow in value from the day they're exchanged for Savings Certificates or used to make a deposit in the Post Office or a Trustee Savings Bank.

Make this
a
Savings
Christmas

NATIONAL SAVINGS

GIFT TOKENS

Issued by the National Savings Committee



How to get a MACLEAN SHAVE

1 Wet the beard thoroughly. 2 Put a little cream on your chin with finger tip. 3 Lather with plenty of water on brush.

Just try the quick lathering properties of Maclean's Shaving Cream and notice its soothing effect on your skin. See how economical it is, too. A very little Maclean's gives you the easiest, smoothest shave you ever enjoyed.

1/3
PER PAN



S.C.B.

Avoid all the worries of Constipation

It is wonderful how quickly Beecham's Pills will make you well and cheerful, simply by encouraging a thorough but gentle bowel movement. Get some Beecham's Pills to-day—and look after yourself!



WORTH A
GUINEA A
BOX

Beecham's Pills

11d including Post Tax
Also in pennyworths